

CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 15.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.—SIXTEENTH YEAR.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

Significant Demonstration in Honor of Gen. Lazare Hoche, Ireland's Glorious Friend, by the Irish Colony of Paris and Versailles on St. Patrick's Day.

The Birthplace of the Immortal Soldier a Home for French and Irish Pilgrims—Thrilling Address of Miss Maud Gonne, "the Irish Joan of Arc."

The Irish colony in Paris and the representatives of their numerous French sympathizers celebrated the national feast of Ireland in a manner that showed that the ties which bound the two nations in the past are as real now as when they fought side by side at Fontenoy, or pursued the flying red-coats at the "Races of Castlebar." A mass was celebrated for Ireland at the Irish college in the Rue des Irlandais, and the church was thronged with a Franco-Irish audience. An eloquent panegyric on the life and works of St. Patrick was preached by the Rev. Father Boyle, Superior of the college.

As already announced, a deputation was organized by the Paris Young Ireland society to place a wreath on Hoche's monument at Versailles. The members of the deputation met at the Gare St. Lazare, and were received at the station of Versailles by M. Jose, secretaire general de la mairie, and M. Court, commissaire central. A letter was read from M. Lefebvre, mayor of Versailles, who was obliged to be in Paris, but who sent a kind and sympathetic message, conveying his best wishes for the success of the demonstration. Arrived at the Square de Hoche the wreath was reverently placed at the feet of the illustrious general by Miss Maud Gonne in the presence of the crowd of some hundreds of persons who had assembled to witness the demonstration and who were most enthusiastic in their expressions of sympathy throughout. An eloquent discourse on the brief but glorious career of Hoche was delivered by M. Cree. Miss Maud Gonne then spoke in glowing terms of the gratitude Ireland owed to the great Frenchman who had tried to rend her chains. "The name of Hoche," she said in tones that vibrated in the hearts of her listeners, "is written on the pages of Ireland's history in letters of gold. He is as dear to our Irish hearts as he can be to those of his own countrymen who have welcomed us so warmly today to their native town. He did not, indeed, succeed in severing the bonds that bind Ireland an unwilling slave at England's feet, but his immortal example has animated many a patriot heart since then to draw once more the sword for the dear old land, and it will continue to encourage and inspire all true lovers of Irish liberty till the bright hour when Hoche's cherished dream will become a reality and Ireland take her place among the nations of the earth." In conclusion Miss Gonne expressed her hopes that France would be well represented at the forthcoming centenary of the rebellion of 1798, and that Ireland should then have an opportunity of welcoming to her shores those who on this St. Patrick's Day had given so kind a reception to the representatives of the Young Ireland society.

A spirited poem, dedicated to Hoche, by Jean Severe, was then recited by the author. The wreath, which was composed of ivy and shamrock entwined, bore the inscription: "A l'ami d'Irlande, au Republicain Integre, les Republicains Irlandais!" Before leaving Versailles a visit was made to the historic house in which Hoche was born. The members of the deputation then departed to meet again in the evening at a grand banquet given by Miss Maud Gonne at her house, and at which, besides the members of the Paris Young Ireland society, a large number of the celebrities of Paris and elsewhere assisted. Conspicuous among the decorations in Miss Gonne's always tasteful rooms was a green silk flag on which was worked a golden harp, and on either side of which was a tri-color flag of France. Lovely bouquets of flowers were placed at intervals down the table, and at his or her place each guest found a bunch of shamrocks tied with green. Miss Gonne had on her right hand M. le Lenne, deputy for Paris, and on her left M. Emile Massard, editor of the Patrie. When the dinner, which was a great success, drew to a close, the charming hostess, whose beauty was enhanced, if it were possible, by the simple yet exquisite empire gown of white crepe de chine which she wore, rose. "Friends of Ireland," said Miss Gonne, when the applause with which she was greeted subsided, "I thank you from my heart for the proof which your presence here tonight gives of your sympathy with my suffering country. But Ireland needs no fresh proof of the friendship which France has ever manifested for her, both by word and deed. The name of France is as near to the heart of Ireland today as it was in the past, when her sons charged with yours on many a glorious field, and her gratitude to such chivalrous Frenchmen as Hoche and Humbert, who fought to free

her from England—the arch-enemy of all who would be free—has not dimmed with time. What Imperial Germany is to France, England is to Ireland. Your Albion is our Ireland, and we wish for her deliverance no less ardently than we desire our own." (Prolonged applause.) Miss Gonne then gave a brief but graphic sketch of the sufferings of Ireland during her seven hundred years of slavery, since the accursed hour in which England's flag, red with the blood of the heroes she has martyred, was first planted in our island, down to the reign of her present majesty, Queen Victoria, during which 1,225,000 Irish have died of hunger. "I drink," concluded Miss Gonne, "to the triumph of eternal justice, to the union of France and Ireland, and to the vengeance of the oppressed!" (Great applause.)

M. le Lenne, deputy, then rose and responded to Miss Gonne's speech. He spoke, in the name of France, of the sympathy which he himself felt, and which his countrymen felt for Ireland, to which long-suffering land France was bound by so many ties, not the least of which was that she too had suffered at the hands of England, and that in her battles with that defeated power she owed not a little to Irish valor. The eloquent and patriotic deputy then proposed the health of Miss Gonne, and drank to the prosperity and ultimate deliverance of Ireland. Both toasts were drunk with enthusiasm.

The well-known deputy, M. Castelin, was the next to speak. He dwelt feelingly upon the necessity of a union of all the Celtic races in a holy league against the common enemy, imperialism, whether in the form of the conquerors of Alsace in France, or of tyrant England in Ireland, that martyred land in whose honor they had assembled on this national feast. (Applause.)

M. Argentiou then rose, and, as a Greek, expressed his warm appreciation of the telegram of sympathy with the Cretan people sent by the Paris Young Ireland society to the King of Greece, and to which his majesty had forwarded so prompt and gracious a reply. He added that the people of Crete did not suffer more at the hands of the semi-barbarous Turk than Ireland did at those of so-called civilized England. Indeed, that worse things had taken place in Ireland, and were taking place there even now, at England's instigation, than the Cretan people had ever suffered from the Turk. The director of the Patrie, M. Emile Massard, proposed a toast in which he drank, in the name of the French press, to all Irish and French patriots, and to "Ireland a Nation," and to her charming and poetic incarnation, Miss Maud Gonne. The editor of the Daily Messenger, Mr. J. J. Conway, then rose and said that as one who had lived long in America, and whose sympathies were as American as Irish, he felt that deep as was the debt of gratitude which Ireland owed to America, that which America owed to Ireland was not less deep, and that the Irish exiles who fought under Washington were one of the main causes of that great general's triumph and England's humiliation. In conclusion he gracefully alluded to Miss Gonne as the Joan of Arc of Ireland. Mr. Conway spoke in English, but his speech was admirably rendered into French for the benefit of the French persons present, by M. Lendet, of the Paris Figaro. The editor of the Revue Nationale, M. le Docteur Lemmonier, spoke also upon the necessity of a union of all Celtic races, and was especially happy in his remarks regarding the union of hearts that existed between the people of Ireland and of France. Addresses were also delivered by M. Guedy, editor of L'Aube, and others. A beautiful poem, composed especially for the occasion and dedicated to Miss Maud Gonne, by M. Jean Severe, was recited by the author, a copy of the poem being presented to each guest. The proceedings terminated at a late hour of the night, or rather during the small hours of the morning, when St. Patrick's Day had become a thing of the past.

On the following day, March 18, a banquet was given in the salons Carazza by the Societe St. Patrick, at which, in the absence of M. l'Abbe, who was ill, the Count de Cremona presided. Several speeches were made, and the final address was given by Miss Maud Gonne. She spoke with all her accustomed feeling of the mutual friendship existing between France and Ireland; of the days when the sons of both nations had fought side by side, and of her firm faith in the ultimate deliverance of Ireland. The fair patriot was warmly applauded, and shortly after the guests adjourned to be present at the musical soiree in the adjoining rooms. The beautiful and patriotic song, "La Chanson des Gas d'Irlande," composed by the great Franco-Irish composer, Miss Augusta Holmes, was admirably rendered by M. Galliard. A selection of Moore's melodies were played by Mdlle. Van Donghen. Davis' "Irish Brigade," translated by Count O'Neill de Tyrone, was recited by the Count de Cremona. Among those present were mentioned the Countess and Mdlle. de Cremona, Mdlle. J. Dumas, Mme. Jowley, Baron Rey-Roize, Mme. Marquet, Mdlle. Rignaud, M. Cree, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Macgregor-Mather. M. B. DELANY.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

As the time for the members and friends of the Irish-American Lyceum to hold their first grand ball draws to a close, interest in the undertaking grows apace, and the energies of the officers are increased with double vigor. Tickets are going like the proverbial "hot cakes," and friends are looming up on all sides giving every assurance of support and assistance. The secretary states he has some tickets still left, but advises immediate action on the part of those desiring the same, as the limited number left will soon be disposed of.

But few organizations have the facilities of the Lyceum for providing a time of pleasure and enjoyment, where even the most fastidious or exacting person can attend with the previous assurance that nothing shall transpire whereof he can take exception. Final distribution of ball tickets will be made at the regular meeting of the Lyceum in Oxford hall, on Thursday evening, April 22, and those not in receipt of supplies previous to then, by mail or otherwise, can have their wants supplied on that evening.

The programme for the regular meeting of April 22 is now being prepared, and will be published in detail in next week's issue of this paper. Efforts are being made to have it of exceptional merit and excellence. Free admission tickets for regular meeting can be had by applying to Thomas J. Sherlock, secretary, 138 Dearborn avenue. Subject of debate will also be announced in next week's issue. J. J. S.

PARIS YOUNG IRELAND SOCIETY.

The tenth meeting of the Paris Young Ireland Society was held March 19. Among those present were Madame Rowley, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Maud Gonne, Mrs. Lynch, Miss Powell, Mrs. S. MacKenna, Miss M. Barry Delany, Mrs. C. Healy and Count D'Alton O'Shea. Miss Gonne, who was in the chair, announced that she had received letters from several sources congratulating the society on the forthcoming Irish paper, and wishing it success. The arrangements for the publication of the paper were then discussed. It was announced that Monsieur Delabarre and Miss O'Neill de Tyrone, daughter of the late Count O'Neill de Tyrone, president of the Societe St. Patrick, were enrolled associates of the Young Ireland society. Also that more books had been given for the library. The meeting then adjourned.

Among the books received for the library may be mentioned the following, which were presented by the authors themselves: "O'Connell, or L'Irlande au XIX Siecle," by the prolific and talented authoress who writes under the nom de plume of "Y. de La Faye." The work, even if coming from the pen of a less able writer, would be interesting to Irish readers as being an impartial synthesis from a French point of view of the life and personality of the great Irish agitator, and the stirring times in which he played so conspicuous a part. The author tells us, in her preface, that to rightly understand the character and actions of O'Connell it is necessary to study not merely the history of his own time, but also that of Ireland in the centuries that preceded it. And in the cleverly written introduction every facility is given to the reader, in an account of those past ages, at once concise and complete, to obtain the required information. The condition of Ireland and of her people in O'Connell's own days has never been better painted. The writer's own high estimate of the genius of O'Connell resembles, in many points, that formed of him by her compatriot, the Vicomte de Montelembert, whose visit to Ireland and to O'Connell himself at Derryane is graphically described in the work. To give a detailed description of this interesting book would only be to anticipate the pleasure that Irish readers can scarcely fail to find in reading it for themselves. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by Messrs. Blond et Barre of 4 Rue Madame, Paris.

Patrice Mahon, who is known in the literary world as "Art Roes" also presented some of his own writings to the Young Ireland Society for the library, namely, "Raebette," a military tale dealing mainly with the disastrous retreat from Moscow. To read of that terrible campaign as described by this young author, himself a soldier, is for the reader to feel as if he or she had actually witnessed the event. The other tales, presented by the same author, namely, "Sons L'Etendard" and "Papa Felix" are also well worth perusal. Monsieur Jean Severe, who composed a poem on Hoche for the occasion of the Versailles demonstrations organized by the Paris Young Ireland Society, and who recited his exquisite poem "Ireland" at the banquet given by Miss Maud Gonne at her house on St. Patrick's Day, gave a copy of his "Poemes Humaines" to the library.

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THE POISON CUPS OF ENGLAND.

[How little Englishmen know of the methods which were employed by the "God-fearing" warriors of Elizabeth to subdue the Irishry! Mr. O'Grady sums them up admirably. "We shall find Carew," he says "in the following pages writing decoy letters, crammed with such phrases as 'God,' and 'Christ,' and 'holy keeping,' hiring a man to assassinate the brave Sir John de Desmond, and generally holding a market for assassins. In his private correspondence with Mountjoy we find him relating with glee how his creature, James Blake, tracked the brave Hugh Roe O'Donnell into Spain, and there poisoned him under the guise of friendship. The phial of the cowardly was in as much request as the dagger of the bold. Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex and Viceroy, sought to poison Shane O'Neill when Shane beat him in the field. Perrott, Viceroy, tried to poison Fagh McHugh, the Wicklow chieftain. Bingham suborned a cut-throat to kill the proud O'Rourke, Lord of Leitrim. Mountjoy employed Thomas Fleming to assassinate O'Neill. Why multiply instances? All the viceroys and presidents and chief military men sought to assassinate, or were willing should the occasion arise, to assassinate, insurgent lords whom they were unable to conquer."—Westminster Gazette.]

I sing a song of Poisoners,
Of fine old English Poisoners
To England that belong.
Sing Poison, English Poison;
They mixed it sly and strong
For many an Irish chieftain
Who never did them wrong:
Except to trounce their armies,
And tear their standards down,
And hoist the harp of Erin
Above their English Crown;
The stainless harp of Erin
Above their pirate Crown.

They brag of old Locusts,
But give me good Queen Bess,
Who slaughtered Scotland's Mary
With couisly care:
Queen Bess has fifty nobles
Who in her footsteps press,
Can mix a Cup of Poison
With Satan's self, I guess;
Can mix a Cup of Poison
For Irish chieftains brave,
And pay to pour their Poison
Some spy or sordid slave,
To pour their English Poison,
Some loyal, sordid slave.

There's Cecil, thuggish Cecil,
Foul Murder's Chief of State;
And Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex,
And Perrott, Ratcliffe's mate;
Carew, Red Hugh's assassin—
O fiend of hellish hate!—
Mountjoy, Mountjoy, the Butcher,
Whom carnage cannot sate
Old England's Gospel rulers,
Old England's lordly line;
There's Poison in their friendship,
And Poison in their wine;
Old England's Judas friendship,
Old England's Judas wine.

Red Hugh O'Donnell chased them
Upon the Curlew's moor,
And Feagh O'Byrne, he chased them
Like deer down Glenmalur,
And Shane the Proud, he chased them
A dozen times, be sure,
And Hugh O'Neill, he chased them
Like dogs from Ulster's door.
The poutroon English Poisoners,
They hid their swords away:
They thought that Cups of Poison
Were safer game to play,
O curses on their Poison,
And on their cheating play!

FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.
—United Ireland.

The "Oireachtas."

The Gaelic Society of New York city have been advised by the Secretary of the Dublin Gaelic League that the following additional prizes are offered by Miss Skellington Thompson, Morley Cottage, Chislehurst Common, Kent, England, for short essays in Irish at the "Oireachtas" to be held in Dublin on May 17th next.
Prize 1 guinea for the best essay on the meaning of the word "Charity."
Prize 2 guineas for the best essay on the meaning of the word "Truth."
The committee in charge have also decided to extend the time fixed for closing of entries for one week in favor of American competitors, the latest time for receipt of competitions from this side of the Atlantic being, therefore, May 1st.
All communications in regard to the "Oireachtas" are to be sent to the office of the Gaelic League, 1 Sackville Place, Dublin.

Resolutions of Condolence.

(To the Editor.)

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 24, 1897.—
At the last regular meeting of the Wolf Tone Club the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:
Whereas, it has pleased the Great Father to take unto himself our late Brother Joseph Glynn; and
Whereas, our club has lost in him an earnest member and his family a devoted husband and father; therefore, be it
Resolved, that we tender to the family of our deceased brother our sincere sympathy and earnest condolence in

their sad hour of affliction, and we pray heaven, in its mercy, will enable them to bear the burden of their sorrow; furthermore, be it
Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions of the club be spread on the records, a copy sent to the family of the deceased brother and to THE CITIZEN of Chicago and to the Irish Republic of New York.

JOHN I. SULLIVAN,
PATRICK T. CORLEY,
WILLIAM BARRETT,
Committee on Resolutions.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY HOLDEN.

At the early age of 24 years, Mrs. Mary Holden, wife of Patrick F. Holden, died on the morning of March 25, at 3674 Aldine Place. Deceased was a native of Mullinavat, County Kilkenny, Ireland, and had been in this country but five months. Her bright young life was cut short by quick consumption, which baffled all medical aid and science.

Mrs. Holden's maiden name was Ryan, and her birthplace in Ireland was adjacent to that of her bereaved husband. Years ago their childish friendship ripened into the more ardent flame of love, and an engagement was entered into almost ten years ago, which resulted in their recent marriage and its sad termination by her death. She came to Chicago about five months since, during which time her health continued to weaken. Seeing that her days were numbered a special dispensation was granted by the Archbishop to the young couple to marry within the Lenten time, and the ceremony was performed while the bride lay on her dying bed, March 14. High mass was celebrated on the morning of the funeral, March 27, at the Holy Angels' church, whence the remains were removed by carriage to Mount Olivet cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Numerous and lovely wreaths of flowers were laid on the grave by friends, and the sorrowful young husband tenderly placed over the silent tomb a beautiful wreath in which were entwined the words "my wife." It is his intention to devote his energies to the purpose of one day erecting a suitable monument over the grave where sleeps his young bride.

MR. FRANK M. CUMMINGS, proprietor of the Atlantic hotel, and one of the former proprietors of the Clifton House and Gault House, died at the Chicago Hospital as a result of an operation at 12:45 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Cummings was a resident of Chicago for twenty years, and had a wide reputation in hotel circles. The operation which resulted in his death was performed for an abscess last Thursday night, and from that time until his death he remained in a state of unconsciousness. He was born at Arcade, N. Y., in 1852. Three years ago he and his brother, George Cummings, purchased the Atlantic Hotel, together with an interest in the Clifton and Gault houses. The brothers sold their interest in the two latter hotels last fall, and since that time have devoted their entire attention to the Atlantic. Mr. Cummings was never married. He leaves a mother and several sisters and brothers, most of whom live at Arcade. The funeral will take place at the home of his sister, Mrs. Witter, 4916 Washington avenue, at 2:30 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Interment will be at Graceland.

MRS. JAMES STOREN.

Mrs. Lizzie T. Storen, nee O'Brien, wife of Detective Sergeant James Storen, of the Central Detail, died at the family residence, No. 6349 Evans avenue, after a brief illness, on April 5. She leaves, besides her bereaved husband, three young children to mourn an irreparable loss. Mrs. Storen was a great favorite in the Holy Cross parish and throughout the city, as she was of genial, benevolent disposition, and was ever foremost in every work of charity. The funeral occurred Monday morning from the house to the church of the Holy Cross. There high mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hicken, assisted by other clergymen. At the conclusion of the services, the casket was borne to the hearse, and the great cortege, numbering over one hundred and fifty carriages, escorted the honored remains to the Milwaukee and St. Paul depot, whence cars were taken to Calvary cemetery. Requiems in pace.

MR. JOHN NOONAN.

Mr. John Noonan, a well known and much respected citizen, brother of Mr. Patrick Noonan and brother-in-law of Mr. John T. O'Connell, the real estate dealer, died rather suddenly of pneumonia at his residence, No. 725 Forty-third place, on April 4. Up to the day of his fatal seizure, Mr. Noonan appeared to be in most vigorous health. He leaves a widow, but no children. Mr. Noonan was born in Ireland and came to America early in life. The funeral occurred Wednesday morning from the residence to St. Gabriel's church, which was filled with mourners. Requiem high mass was offered up by the Rev. Father Dorney and assistant priests. Universal regret is felt for the death of Mr. Noonan. He was a faithful American citizen and a sincere Irish nationalist and Calvary cemetery has never held the dust of a more honest heart. May he rest in peace.

HENRY A. McCaffrey.

Henry A. McCaffrey, a detective sergeant of police headquarters, died Friday of last week of pneumonia at his home, 5241 Wabash avenue. He was

32 years old, and had been connected with the police department nearly ten years. His father, James McCaffrey, now dead, was for many years a speculator at the Union Stock Yards. At an early age Henry was sent to St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., from which institution he graduated with high honors. Upon his return home from college he became a newspaper reporter and was successful. Having a natural bent for detective work, Mr. McCaffrey was appointed to the police force, and for five years he wore a uniform. His shrewdness in detecting criminals attracted the attention of Inspector Shea, who had him transferred to headquarters. He was regarded as one of the best informed detectives in the country and had worked on many cases of importance. He leaves a widow and one child, Rev. D. J. McCaffrey, of St. Gabriel's Church, is a brother. The funeral was held from St. Anne's Church, and the interment was at Calvary.

MRS. J. T. HARAHAN.

Mrs. J. T. Harahan, wife of the vice-president and general manager of the Illinois Central Railway, died at Memphis, Tenn., at 5 o'clock Thursday morning of last week, at the residence of her son-in-law A. N. Dale. She had been ill for a long time. Mrs. Harahan went south three weeks ago with her husband, and was at Pass Christian, Miss., where she hoped to recover her health. She had been sick some time and an operation was performed without giving relief. A few days ago she was also attacked with pneumonia, and this caused death. Funeral services for the deceased were held at Nashville, Tenn.

MRS. ORRINGTON LUNT.

Mr. Orrington Lunt, the founder of Evanston, died, after a long illness, in that town, last Monday. He was born in Maine, in 1815, and had been a resident of Cook County since 1842. Mr. Lunt was a very able man of affairs, and did much for the cause of philanthropy. He leaves a large estate.

SISTER BARTHOLOMEW.

On Wednesday of last week the body of Sister M. Bartholomew, mother superior of the Waukegan convent and St. Mary's school, lay in state at St. Mary's church, Waukegan, and was viewed by many. Monday morning solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gavin, assisted by Chicago priests. The body was taken to the convent cemetery, Sinaloa, mound, St. Clair, Wis., for interment.

FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT VESEY.
The remains of ex-Lieutenant of Police Mallick Vesey were buried Monday morning in Calvary cemetery. The funeral services were held at 10 o'clock at St. Jarlath's Church, where Rev. T. F. Cashman celebrated requiem high mass. The services were held under the auspices of Excelsior Lodge, No. 3, K. of P., of which the deceased was a charter member. Lieutenant Vesey was a retired police officer. A week ago he left Chicago with his son for California, in search of health. He died Thursday while in Sidney, Neb. The pall bearers were chosen from the members of the K. of P., of whom a large number were in attendance at the funeral services. The family residence is at 720 West Adams street.

FUNERAL OF JAMES C. MEARS.
Funeral services were held Saturday at LaGrange for the late James C. Mears at the residence of his son-in-law, Colonel Dan Munn. Dr. H. A. Bushnell of the First Congregational Church and Dr. W. A. Montgomery, the former pastor, conducted the ceremonies, which were followed by interment at Rosehill.

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Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopoeia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Brouchitis, and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noves, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cas-carat, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c. 25c.

THE CITY ELECTIONS.

CINCINNATI REVERSES HERSELF AND GOES DEMOCRATIC.

Michigan elects the Republican State Candidates—Jones of Her Towns Show Silver Strength—Canton, O., Carried by the Democrats.

Cincinnati, April 6.—The election in Cincinnati yesterday was for mayor and other officers. The Republican ticket was headed by Levi C. Goodale for mayor, and the Democratic ticket by Gustav Tafel, the latter being elected by a plurality of 7,320, while the city gave McKinley a plurality of almost 20,000 last November, and Caldwell, Republican for mayor three years ago, a plurality of 6,755. The Democratic ticket had three Republicans on it—for city auditor, treasurer and corporation counsel—but under the recently enacted Dana law it could not be called a fusion or independent ticket. There was a total vote of over 65,000, as compared with 75,000 last November, being an unusually large vote for a local or spring election.

McKinley's Home Goes Democratic. Canton, April 6.—The home of McKinley yesterday was Democratic. Mayor Rice for re-election carrying it by over 400. The remainder of the ticket is divided, the Democrats winning a majority of the offices. The vote was lighter than last fall, but nearly up to the average spring vote.

Cleveland is Largely Republican. Cleveland, April 6.—The returns of the municipal election indicate that Mayor McKisson (Rep.) has been re-elected by a majority of 2,500 over John Farley, Democrat. All the other candidates on the ticket are elected by larger majorities, some running up to 10,000. The Republicans elect all four candidates for the school council and nine out of eleven members of the city council.

MAYBURY IS MAYOR OF DETROIT.

Gets There Over Pingree's Candidate by Something Like 600.

Detroit, April 6.—William C. Maybury, Dem., was elected mayor yesterday by about 1,000 majority over Captain Albert E. Stewart, Rep. In view of Maybury's victory it is considered surprising that Judge Mhner, Democratic candidate for police justice, was defeated by Judge Albert F. Sellers, Rep., who was re-elected by a majority fully equal to that received by Maybury. Maybury's election is looked upon as a decided defeat for Governor Pingree, who practically named Captain Stewart as his successor as mayor after the courts had overruled the governor's contention that he could hold both the offices of governor and mayor.

Later.—With returns from all except two precincts, which will not be canvassed until today, Maybury has 600 majority; Sellers about 1,100.

Returns from the state indicate the re-election of Judge Charles D. Long, Rep., as justice of the supreme court, and the defeat of George L. Taylor, fusion candidate. Charles D. Lawton and William J. Crocker, Republican candidates for recorder of the supreme court, were also elected. The vote was light and the free silver sentiment was shown in several of the cities more strongly than in the November election. This appears to have been especially true in the southern tier of counties. In a few cases on the votes for city officers Republican majorities of last fall were turned into fusion victories. As usual the results as to local officers is considerably split up politically.

Issues Were Pretty Well Mixed.

Marquette, April 6.—J. E. Sherman, nominee for mayor on the Citizens' ticket, was elected by 175 votes over Dr. Alfred Desjardins, on the People's ticket. The issue was on the men.

Lansing, April 6.—Davis (Rep.) was elected mayor by 2 majority, a loss of 80 from 1895. The silverites gained three aldermen and a clerk. The Republican state ticket has a plurality of 113.

Manitowish, April 6.—By nearly 300 majority Smurthwaite (Dem.) is elected mayor, together with other city officers. The council will be Republican. Manitowish county went Democratic on state ticket.

Saginaw, Mich., April 6.—Fourteen of the fifteen city wards and nine of the twenty-seven townships gave the Republican state ticket 3,350; Democratic silver ticket, 3,306. The fusion majority in the county will not exceed 400 to 500. Kerr, Dem., whose seat in the legislature had been declared vacant, was elected.

Jackson, Mich., April 6.—The city and county went heavily for silver. Leonsacker, silverite, was elected mayor by 724. The fusionists got six out of eight aldermen.

Results at Dubuque and Keokuk.

Dubuque, Ia., April 6.—The Independents elected T. R. Duffy mayor, L. M. Langstaff recorder, Henry Griffin treasurer, and two aldermen. The Democrats elected T. H. Duffy attorney, and three aldermen. The council will be controlled by the Democrats.

Keokuk, Ia., April 6.—The city election resulted in favor of the Republicans, who elected the mayor, assessor, judge of the superior court, and five aldermen. The Democrats elected the marshal and two aldermen. The constitution of the city offices and council is unchanged.

Evansville Carried by the Democrats.

Evansville, Ind., April 6.—The Democrats elected William M. Akin, Jr., mayor and eleven aldermen. The city went Republican in November last.

Sequel of an Elongement.

Marion, Ind., April 6.—Judge Brownlee, of the superior court, has granted a divorce to Mrs. Lillian Mouser from her husband, George Mouser, a young attorney. The principals stood high in local social circles. The marriage occurred eight years ago, clandestinely, while the young lady, then Miss Lillian Bailey, was attending the College of Music, and while Mouser was in the Cincinnati Law school, both then being very young.

Back to Go to Japan.

Washington, April 6.—Nominations made yesterday by the president included the following: Alfred E. Buck, of Georgia, to be minister to Japan; James Boyle, of Ohio, consul at Liverpool, England; E. S. Day, of Connecticut, consul at Bradford, England; Peyton R. McCreery, of Michigan, secretary of the legation at the City of Mexico.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Lawmakers at Washington.

Washington, April 1.—The open session of the senate yesterday lasted about half an hour. It was productive of another Cuban resolution, by Mills of Texas, this time calling on the committee on foreign relations for a report on the obligations assumed by the United States in insisting that Cuba should not be annexed to any European power and should remain subject to Spain. The rest of the day was spent in executive session on the arbitration treaty, and Hoar's amendment was adopted in place of Chilton's.

The house passed the Dingley tariff bill with an amendment providing that the duties therein shall take effect from and after today. The vote was 205 to 122. An attempt to recommit the bill with instructions to provide that articles controlled by trusts shall go on the free list was defeated—138 to 148. The house then adjourned to Saturday.

Washington, April 2.—The senate yesterday adopted the resolution calling for information as to the alleged letter written by the Cuban rebel Gomez to the president, and in executive session adopted two amendments to the arbitration treaty, one excepting claims against southern states for debts repudiated and the other eliminating article 8 of the treaty. Attempt was made to fix a time for a vote, but was defeated by Chandler because he was not in the "mood" for it. Morgan introduced a Cuban belligerency resolution and Mills one to inquire if under the Monroe doctrine the United States have not an obligation to help the Cuban rebels. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, April 5.—In the house Saturday Perry of Arkansas said he was not piqued because he did not get the Democratic nomination for speaker, as had been charged; the senate resolution providing for the charter of a vessel to carry food to the famine-stricken India was adopted after McMillin had vainly attempted to add to the resolution a condemnation of England's policy there. Corlies of Michigan introduced a resolution to annual the last extension of the civil service rules made by Cleveland, and Mahony of New York a resolution to ask Spain not to shoot Rivera. Adjourned to Wednesday.

Washington, April 6.—Chandler introduced a bill in the senate to permit trusts in all products of the country provided the railway pooling bill passes. He will push his bill in that case. The senate adopted the resolution declaring it the duty of the president to protest against the execution of Luis Rivera, the Cuban rebel, by drumhead court-martial. Elkins spoke in favor of discriminating duties against imports coming to this country in foreign ships and Lindsay in favor of the bankruptcy bill. A resolution was adopted directing the surgeon general to assist in alleviating the distress caused by the floods in the Mississippi. An executive session was held.

WAR NEWS FROM HAVANA.

Several Insurgent Defeats Reported by Weyler's Press Bureau.

Havana, April 6.—Colonel Jacoste has defeated a party of insurgents at San Juan de Vegas, this province, killing several of the enemy and later capturing the camp of Juan Delgado at Santa Barbara. It is reported that the insurgent leader Cuervo was wounded in the fighting which recently occurred at Ojo Agua, this province. The insurgents have been defeated by the Villavieja regiment on Aura Hill, province of Havana. The enemy lost twelve men killed.

Dispatches from Remedios, Camaguan and Santa Clara say great satisfaction is felt there at the action of Captain General Weyler in trying to purify the administration of Cuba. There have been no rains in Puerto Principe since September last, and great suffering is the result. All the grass has been burned up and the cattle in that province have died to the hills in search of grass and water.

One Killed and Five Severely Hurt.

Salt Lake City, April 5.—The west-bound through passenger train on the Oregon Short line was derailed near Malad station, at 8:10 o'clock Saturday morning. The engine and first four cars passed over the switch safely, but the fifth car (a tourist sleeper), a passenger coach and two Pullman sleepers were overturned and demolished. P. Kennedy, of Kansas City, was killed and the following seriously injured: Alice Strohn, of Dayton, Wash., leg and ankle crushed and back injured; David M. Cartwell, of Haines, Ore., right shoulder and legs badly crushed; W. A. Cartwell, of Haines, Ore., right arm crushed and hip bruised; B. T. Herringer, Baker City, Ore., right ankle broken, legs bruised, arm scalded and face cut; J. A. Williams, an extra brakeman, leg badly crushed. Several were slightly injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of a switch lug.

Protest from Millers.

Milwaukee, April 2.—The Millers' National association, the membership of which embraces all the large flour millers in the United States, has entered a formal protest against the duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem which the Dingley tariff bill puts upon the foreign silk bolting cloth which, it is claimed, cannot be duplicated in this country, owing to the peculiar atmospheric conditions necessary in its weaving.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton Paralyzed.

New York, April 6.—Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, who became noted through the Tilton-Beecher case, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis. She is living with her niece, a music teacher, in Pacific street paralytic stroke, she has been almost blind for some time. She is advanced in years, and her friends despair of her surviving the present shock.

Killed by a Fall.

Deadwood, S. D., April 3.—J. H. Flynn, mining editor of the Deadwood Times, was instantly killed by falling from the steps of his house, his neck being broken by the fall. Mr. Flynn has been connected with the Black Hills newspapers for a number of years and has contributed many articles on mining to all the large papers and magazines in the country. He leaves a widow and two children.

Election at Davenport, Ia.

Davenport, Ia., April 5.—The city election Saturday resulted in the election of the Republican ticket and three of the six aldermen, leaving the control of the council with the Democrats.

IS WORSE THAN EVER

CREVASSE IN THE MISSISSIPPI AT FLOWER LAKE

Will Involve Four More Mississippi Counties in the Deluge—Appalling State of Affairs on the St. Francis River—Destitution of Those Driven from Home.

Memphis, April 5.—The general situation as the result of the floods in the Mississippi valley is terrible. In the lowlands of Arkansas a call for food has been made and the people of Little Rock will take immediate action. Starvation confronts 50,000 people. Saturday night R. C. Graves and J. S. Menkin, of the Memphis relief committee, went to Washington to ask the general government to lend assistance. The local relief committee has demands that will exhaust all present funds. They are from Mississippi as far down as Greenville, and from nearly all of eastern Arkansas. The visitors to the capital of the nation will ask for \$25,000 to be used in buying rations. Ten thousand dollars has already been expended by the local committee, and probably \$10,000 more in provisions have been distributed. It now looks as if famine is ahead.

"It is feared that no human power can overcome the forces of nature below Vicksburg, and it is believed by many to be only a question of a few days before the same conditions that now obtain in the delta will exist in southeastern Arkansas and north-eastern Louisiana. The hopeful view of the flood situation which prevailed some days ago has been rapidly dissipated by reports from the waters of the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, which are rising at a rapid rate with every indication that immense volumes of water, the result of a thaw of many feet of snow over a big area in the northwest, may be expected to pour into the upper Mississippi through its tributaries, and eventually increase the already appalling conditions existing in the middle and lower Mississippi valley.

Serious Outlook in South Dakota.

Aberdeen, S. D., April 5.—Heavy rain fell all Saturday in this section, and the flood situation is therefore more serious than ever before. Nearly the entire west and south parts of the city are under water. Main street in the business section is alone clear of present limits of the flood. The rears of stores on the west side are, however, in great danger. All livery barns, blacksmith shops, machinery depots and warehouses on the west side are flooded. The Wisconsin House is entirely surrounded by water, and occupants of the Becker House have been driven to its upper stories. A hundred house-holders have either been driven out or are living in their upper rooms.

Reports from the country districts are alarming. Hundreds of farm buildings are but center pieces for vast lakes. Stock is standing in water, and hay and feed exposed to the flood. Between Groton and Andover, on the Hastings and Dakota, a boat ferry has been put in, and passengers were transferred thereon yesterday. No other trains are moving in this entire vicinity.

PREPARED FOR A CATASTROPHE.

And It Came in the Crumbling of Such Another Levee.

Memphis, April 5.—Another break in the Mississippi levee occurred yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at Flower lake, six miles below Tunica, Miss., and the water is pouring through the opening with great velocity. This will probably be the most destructive break that has occurred in the delta. The most fertile farm lands of Mississippi, lying in Coahoma, LaFlore, Quitman and Tallahatchie counties, in the north part of the state, will be inundated, and the newly planted corn crops will be laid in waste. Fortunately no loss of life is reported, the inhabitants of this stricken section having made preparations for just such a catastrophe as exists. The condition of the poorer classes throughout the flooded area is indeed critical. Thousands of refugees are being huddled on levees and spots of land waiting for relief. The towns of Rosedale and Tunica report that everything possible is being done for these poor people, but that funds and provisions are fast becoming exhausted.

In the little city of Rosedale alone 1,200 refugees are being cared for by the citizens. Half a hundred towns stand in six feet of water, and the yellow stream is creeping up slowly but surely. Advice just received tell of a break in the levee two miles south of Helena, Ark. This is the levee for which the people of southeastern Arkansas have made such a desperate fight. The waters from this break will flood a great area, and in all probability will back up into the streets of Helena. The relief steamer Ora Lee arrived at Marianna, Ark., late yesterday afternoon, having made an expedition up the St. Francis river, and 200 head of cattle. The steamer went up the St. Francis river as far as Cut Off, and then worked her way down stream, rescuing people from perilous positions.

The suffering along the St. Francis river is appalling. The water throughout the entire neighboring country is from six to fifteen feet deep. The relief boat had on board the body of Mrs. McMain, of Raggle City. The body was found at Raggle, and it was taken to Marianna for burial, there being no land at the former place on which to give it interment. The St. Francis river is rising from three to five inches daily. At Memphis the river is slowing rising again.

Important Foreign Posts Filled.

Washington, April 2.—Two more important foreign posts have been filled by the president, who yesterday sent to the senate the names of Andrew D. White, of the United States to Germany; William F. Draper, of Massachusetts, to be ambassador of the United States to Italy, and Anson Burlingame Johnson, of Colorado, to be consul at Amoy, China. Besides the foregoing were these nominations: Chandler Hale, of Maine, to be secretary of the embassy of the United States at Rome; Samuel L. Gracy, of Massachusetts, to be consul at Fuchan, China; Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, to be commissioner of patents; Oliver L. Spaulding, of Michigan, to be assistant secretary of the treasury; William B. Howell, of New Jersey, to be assistant secretary of the treasury.

SHAME TO EUROPE.

Black Side of Her "Concert" Illustrated at Suda Bay.

London, April 1.—A cablegram from Canea, Crete, says: "The insurgents by a bold stroke occupied the hill on the south side of Suda Bay Tuesday evening. They were promptly shelled by the British, Austrian and Russian warships. At daybreak yesterday the firing was resumed and the Cretons were driven from their positions. As soon as the firing ceased they made another attempt to recover the ground and the warships promptly resumed the firing, which was very heavy for several hours. During the cannonade three Turks were killed and five wounded." The Standard's correspondent at Canea in describing the bombardment says: "When the Cretons began the attack Colonel Bor proposed to the admirals that they should land a mixed force of 500 men to drive the insurgents from the position they occupied behind the strong wall along a ravine. The Austrian and French admirals were opposed to taking the offensive and they decided to confine their action to bombarding."

"By 8 o'clock in the morning the engagement was in full blast. The Turkish guns in Fort Izidin could take only a small part in the firing, as most of them are directed seaward, but a Turkish frigate shelled the insurgents freely, though with little effect. An hour later the foreign men-of-war signaled their intention to bombard. The Grotzastichy fired first, then H. M. S. Ardent, and finally the Austrian gun-boat Tiger. Each vessel fired in its turn, aiming chiefly at the stone wall, which was hoisted above the Greek flag. The Ardent ceased firing at 9:30, but the Grotzastichy, ranging close in shore, by degrees pounded down the wall, yard by yard, every shot telling.

"In spite of the heavy cannonade the Cretons held their ground stoutly, even throwing out skirmishers to repel the Turkish outposts, though they were compelled to abandon their own principal positions behind the stone wall. At 9:45 a. m. H. M. S. Camperdown, the outermost of the large ironclads, began firing 6-inch shells. The Cretons then upon retired slightly, but continued the heavy fire until 10 o'clock, when the Camperdown, at a range of 6,400 yards, fired her big guns. The effect was instantaneous.

"Three out of four of the percussion shells burst directly in the center of the insurgents' position, and the Cretons fled helter-skelter. The aim of the gunners was perfect, while the formidable noise of the enormous shells hurtling through the air was alone enough to frighten any enemy. Things were now getting too hot to last, and the insurgent flag was speedily lowered. The Cretons in full retreat were hastened by the fire of the Grotzastichy and the Tiger, which poured in with explosive accuracy of aim a succession of shrapnel.

"At 10:30 the last shell fell. Seeing that the object of bombardment was accomplished the Russian and Austrian warships steamed away for blockade service. The Ardent returned to Suda. The Turkish soldiers sallied quickly from the forts, occupied the positions lately held by the insurgents, hoisted the Ottoman flag with great manifestations of delight, and even advanced across the open with great coolness, though exposed to the continuous fire of the insurgent sharpshooters, who remained in the ravine up to the last minute.

"At 11:30 a. m. the Turks were still pouring a rattling rifle fire upon the retreating masses of the insurgents, who replied with wonderful spirit. Their splendid defense of all. Until the Camperdown began to fire heavy shells the insurgents rather gained than lost ground in spite of the tremendous fire of the Russian and Austrian vessels. Altogether about 100 shells were fired."

Mrs. Domke Has Typhoid Fever. Chicago, April 6.—Mrs. Ernestine Domke, who shared with the murder of Ernest Kuenneth in 1892, is ill in the little jail at Melrose Park, with typhoid fever. Yesterday morning when Assistant State's Attorney Pearson appeared to conduct the preliminary examination before Justice Dunnebeck her physician, Dr. Kionki, refused to permit her to leave her cell. The hearing was postponed until next Monday.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade yesterday, April 6: April, opened and closed 69½; July, opened 69½, closed 69½; September, opened 69½, closed 69½; Corn—April, opened and closed 67½; May, opened and closed 67½; July, opened and closed 67½; September, opened and closed 67½; Oats—April, opened and closed 25½; May, opened and closed 25½; July, opened and closed 25½; September, opened and closed 25½; Pork—May, opened and closed 13½; July, opened and closed 13½; Lard—May, opened 34.45, closed 34.12½; July, opened 34.27½, closed 34.20. Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 10c. Eggs: Fresh stock, 15c per dozen. Live Poultry: Ducks, 9c per lb; chickens, 7½c; geese, 10c per lb; turkeys, 15c per lb. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 50c per bushel; Ohio, 45c per bushel; White clover, 11c per bushel; Honeysuckle, 11c per bushel; Cranberries—Jersey, 22c per bushel.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 5. Estimated receipts of cattle, 14,500; general market active, with an advance of a strong 10 cents on both steers. Receipts of hogs, 20,000; demand only fair, in fact, was not in any way active from the first to last and closed rather easier than on Saturday. Rough and common, 22.75@23.50; prime heavy packers and good mixed, 24.00@24.75; prime mediums and butcher weights, 24.07½@24.10; prime light, 24.05@24.07½. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 12,000; in good demand and 10c higher on both. Prime Colorado lambs sold at 25.00@25.50; no Fort Collins lambs here today.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, April 5. Wheat—Lower: No. 2 spring, 69½; No. 1 northern, 75c; May, 69½; Corn—Steady: No. 2, 23c. Oats—Lower: No. 2, 23c; samples, 23½@24c. Rye—Steady: No. 1, 33c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, April 5. Wheat—Lower: red cash elevator, 91c nominal; track, 92c; May, 89½c bid; corn—Lower: No. 2, 23c; cash, 23½c bid; July, 23½c asked. Oats—Firm: No. 2 cash, 18½c bid; July, 19½c bid. Rye—Nominal: 21c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, April 5. Wheat—White cash, 84½c; cash red, 85½c; May, 86½c; July, 73c asked.

NEWS OF THE STATE. HISTORY OF A WEEK.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, April 1.—In the senate a bill was introduced to raise the salaries of state officers as follows: Governor, \$10,000; lieutenant governor, \$2,000; secretary of state, \$5,000; auditor, \$5,000; superintendent of public instruction, \$5,000; attorney general, \$5,000; adjutant general, \$2,500; treasurer, \$10,000. The supreme court bill was amended so as to give Springfield the court. Bills were passed: Authorizing trustee in trust deed to release mortgage on margin of record; providing that a husband may ask in a bill for divorce that the wife resume her maiden name, or some name other than her husband's; providing that a certified copy of the receipts of internal revenue collector shall be prima facie evidence in a case for violation of the dram shop act; authorizing the St. Louis Bridge company to operate a street railway over the bridge and through adjacent towns; raising the age until which children may remain in the soldiers' and orphans' home from 14 to 16 years; making it an offense to knowingly use any false weight or measure.

In the house the Humphreys street railway bills were postponed until April 8. The judicial apportionment bill was ordered to third reading. Bills were passed: Reclassifying the demands to be made against the estate of a deceased person; to legalize the judicial proceedings of the March term, 1895 to 1897, of the Clay county circuit court.

Springfield, Ills., April 2.—The senate yesterday passed the bill for the consolidation of the supreme court at Springfield without a dissenting vote. The Torrens land title bill was also passed. A bill was introduced to take the power of appointing subordinates from the president of the Cook county commissioners. Bills were passed: To prevent the introduction and spread of the San Jose scale; providing that election ballots shall be placed in a canvas cover instead of pasteboard. The child labor bill was advanced to third reading. The house referred the department store bill to the committee on municipal corporations, refusing to refer it to the judiciary committee. The senate's assenting to the supreme court bill, locating the court at Springfield, was concurred in. The bill to prevent political fusion was ordered to third reading, and on objection a proposition to have the bicycle baggage bill read the second time was rejected. The senate bill appropriating \$60,000 to pay the employees of the present general assembly was passed with the emergency clause.

Springfield, Ills., April 2.—The senate did nothing yesterday. The house sent the bill creating a state board of pardons to third reading and then business was stopped because so many Democrats could not break a quorum. Governor Tanner has signed the supreme court bill. Neither house will do anything before next Wednesday if they do anything then.

BLOOMINGTON MAYOR ACQUITTED.

Charge of Allowing Ryan to Escape from Jail Not Proven.

Bloomington, Ills., April 3.—The jury in the case of Mayor Foster, charged with allowing Pickpocket Ryan to escape from the city prison, came in Friday morning and pronounced him not guilty. The mayor then announced that he was ready to stand trial on the other indictment, that of malfeasance, but the prosecuting attorney entered a nolle.

Mr. Foster will now start upon an active canvass, running again as an independent. Immediately afterward, the case of Patrick Ryan, who caused all the trouble, was called. Ryan picked the pocket of a Danvers citizen during a rally here last October, securing \$20. He belongs to a gang in Chicago and lives on Twenty-eighth street, near Wallace.

Prominent Educator Suicides.

Quincy, Ills., April 5.—Richard M. Smith of Bushnell, one of the veteran and prominent educators of the state, committed suicide here. He was brought to Blessing hospital recently for treatment for chronic kidney trouble. His sufferings were so intense Thursday night that he rose and hanged himself from the bedpost with a towel holding his knees from the floor until death came.

Women to Meet at Joliet.

Joliet, Ills., April 6.—A joint convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage association and the Illinois Equal Suffrage association will be held in this city Tuesday and Wednesday. The programme for the two days will include addresses by Julia Mills Dunn and Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ills., Mrs. Lyle Meredith Stanbury of Denver, Col., and Mrs. Lena Beck of Bloomington, Ind.

Illinois State Official Stricken.

Springfield, Ills., April 2.—A telegram was received here yesterday from Mill-Edgewood, Whiteside county, stating that Samuel M. Ingalls, state superintendent of public instruction, had been stricken with a partial stroke of apoplexy, and for his wife to come at once. Professor Ingalls was attending the County Teachers' Institute at Mill-Edgewood.

State Notes.

Insurance Superintendent Durfee of Illinois has licensed the Knights of Columbus of New Haven, Conn., to do a fraternal beneficiary business in Illinois. Expert safecrackers entered the post-office at Lemont, Ills., and took \$250 worth of stamps and \$200 in money, making their escape without leaving a clue.

Robert H. Vicker, 67 years old, a lawyer at Chicago, was found dead in his office, having committed suicide.

The Central Congregational church committee at Galesburg, Ills., has let the contract for its new edifice to O. C. Houzel. The structure will cost \$60,000 and will be of stone.

Orrington Lunt, the founder of Evans-ton, Ills., died at his home in that city yesterday, after an illness of several weeks.

Wednesday, March 31.

Hon. George L. Converse, ex-member of congress, died at Columbus, O., yesterday. He was 77 seven months, was in his 70th year, and died in the county of his birth.

The United States treasury department has decided that all retailers who keep bottles of cocktails on their shelves for sale must pay a rectifier's license. Hunter had but 60 votes on the ballot for United States senator in the Kentucky legislature.

Four attempts were made Monday night to burn Altoona, Pa., and \$100,000 worth of property was destroyed. A half interest in the Great Mahoning iron mine on the western Mesaba has been bought by the Cambria Iron company, of Pennsylvania.

Charles F. Houghton, principal owner of the Corning Glass company, and reported to be worth \$1,000,000, shot and killed himself at Geneva, N. Y.

Thursday, April 1.

The Weymouth Old bank, one of the oldest in Dorsetshire, England, has failed. The liabilities amount to \$2,500,000.

To make sure of his death Reginald V. Schuyler, of Chicago, 19 years of age, swallowed a bottle of carbolic acid, turned on the gas in his room, and then cut his throat with a razor.

An agent for Henry Clews and other New York bankers has secured a contract from the Venezuelan government giving them control of telegraphs in that country for thirty years.

President and Mrs. McKinley paid a pretty compliment to three of the former mistresses of the White House by giving a dinner in their honor. They were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. McKee.

Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, has introduced a bill to prevent inventors and others from being deceived and defrauded by alleged patent attorneys.

Friday, April 2.

Claude B. Bosch, of Chicago, has been appointed receiver of the Berlin and Mantello Granite company at Oshkosh, Wis. The liabilities are \$200,000 and the assets \$100,000.

Eara Durand, whose forgeries aggregated \$150,000 while he was president of the Durand Organ and Piano company at Portland, Ore., has pleaded guilty to two indictments.

Emperor Wilhelm telegraphed his cordial congratulations to Prince Bismarck upon the occasion of the 82nd anniversary of his birthday.

George Morris, formerly assistant librarian of the United States congressional library in Washington, is now in the jail at Oakland, Cal., for stealing.

Over 4,000,000 cigarettes were smoked in America during the last year, an increase over the record for 1895 of 223,687,540.

Several hundred bushels of oats smothered the life out of Joseph Peakus in a shaft at the P. D. Armour elevator on Blackhawk street, Chicago.

Saturday, April 3.

In the damage suit brought by S. A. Lee, of Baldwin, Wis., against the Omaha railway the jury at Hudson awarded Lee \$4,000. Lee lost his left leg while coupling cars at Gordon.

For the first time in three years public gambling houses are open at Chicago, and the news spread like wildfire among the sporting fraternity. It was open gambling in the wildest sense of the word.

May Baker, a halfbreed living on the Red Cliff Indian reservation, Wis., drank a bottle of lemon extract a few days ago and died.

The feature of the revival meetings at the Auditorium at Chicago was Moody's declaration that he believes the Bible "from cover to cover."

Obituary: At Glen Cove, L. I., Colonel George Duryea. At Berkeley, Cal., Samuel P. Williams, of Lima, Ind. At Boston, Darwin E. Ware, 64.

Monday, April 5.

Chandler, O. T., has issued an appeal for immediate help. Money, supplies of clothing should be sent to Clara Blunt, treasurer of the relief committee, Chandler, O. T.

GEN. GRANT'S TOMB

The Finest Mausoleum in America to Be Dedicated on April 27.

THE DEDICATION.

An Elaborate Ceremony, With Imposing Parades and Many Distinguished Guests.

April 27 will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of General Grant, and on that day the magnificent mausoleum which has been erected in honor of the great soldier statesman in New York city will be dedicated with splendid pomp and impressive ceremony.

We Americans have often neglected our great men in the past, and if costly tombs and great monuments are evi-



MRS. U. S. GRANT.

dences of a high and mature civilization we have sadly betrayed our lack of age and the absence of refined sentiment which comes with years. But we are rapidly improving. This structure which has been erected as a last resting place for the dust of a man who has been a national hero but a few short years not only excels anything of the kind in the new world, but rivals any of the great tombs which other nations have built for their illustrious dead.

We are going to make the dedication, too, as impressive and memorable as we know how. An elaborate programme has been arranged. The high officials of the states and the nation are to participate. On land there will be a big procession of both martial and civil bodies. On the water there will be a naval demonstration which will be even more interesting and spectacular. The men most prominent in the affairs of today as well as those survivors of the silent leader who were in the forefront when he was winning fame and honor will be there to pay him spoken tribute.

President McKinley and most of his official family are expected to be there. General Miles and other officers of high rank in the army and navy will attend, and the governors of all the states of the Union have been invited. Many of them have accepted and will come with their staffs arrayed in all the martial magnificence which such dignitaries assume for state occasions.

Of course Mrs. Grant and other relatives of the great general will be the chief guests of honor. The family will be very well represented, for besides Mrs. Grant there will be her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her three children and Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant. The widow of the dead hero will be the center of the group and the target for a million kindly glances. She carries her age gracefully, and her snowy white hair, partly covered by the dainty lace cap she generally wears, is very becoming. The old veterans who marched with Grant will be especially interested in Mrs. Sartoris, whom many of them last saw when, a little girl, she occasionally visited her father at army headquarters. She, too, is now a widow and a very attractive one.

The delegation which the diplomatic corps at Washington will send to the ceremony will add a picturesque quality to the group on the reviewing stand. Every foreign country will be represented, for none of our great men was ever more universally recognized and respected abroad than General Grant.

General Horace Porter, who is soon to cross the Atlantic as our representa-



COLONEL FRED D. GRANT.

tive in the French capital, will be the orator of the day. The ceremony means much to him because it not only marks the successful close of a movement to do fitting honor to the man who was his lifelong friend and associate, but it brings the culmination of long years of personal endeavor on his part. As one of the prime movers in the monument enterprise and the president of the committee which directed the work he has given much time and energy to the

cause during the last few years. To the sum total of eloquence and enthusiasm which were needed to arouse the American people and raise them to the necessary pitch of patriotic feeling he contributed a large share. So it is entirely appropriate that it is General Porter who is to hand over to the metropolis this substantial tribute to the memory of the man who ended the war by saying, "Let us have peace." There will be other addresses also, delivered by men who may confidently be expected to say something worth hearing.

The parade which is to swing up through the beautiful Riverside park is to be a big and brilliant one. Besides a large body of regular troops and many regiments of the national guard there is to be a file of old veterans, for many posts of the Grand Army are to be in line. The entire militia force of the Empire State is to be mobilized for the occasion, and this in itself will make a great host. Many civic bodies will also march in the procession, and New York alone can turn out a vast multitude. The day has been declared a holiday by the New York legislature, and all business will be suspended in the metropolis.

The whole parade will be under the direction of Grand Marshal Grenville M. Dodge, who was one of Grant's most trusted staff officers, and to whom he entrusted the task of protecting the flank of his army in the Vicksburg campaign. He will have the advice of General Porter, who has but recently had the handling of two of the largest bodies of men which have been formed since the war. Other men of experience will serve on his staff of aids, so that no hitch need be expected in this part of the programme.

New York is about the only metropolis in the world which can add a naval parade to its public ceremonies. It was only a few years ago that this was discovered, but since then this peculiar natural advantage has been frequently



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.
Born April 27, 1822. Died July 23, 1885.

utilized. On this occasion the white beauties of the north Atlantic squadron, with as many vessels from foreign navies as can be secured, will sail majestically up the Hudson to a point opposite the tomb, where the resting place of the military hero will be saluted in thunder tones by their monster steel mouthpieces. As a general rule, our assembled warships burn their powder far out at sea, where there is no appreciative, noise loving public to hear, but this time the roar of their big guns will set millions of tympanums a-throb.

Truly it will be a great spectacle, afloat and ashore. Not since the historical naval cortege which accompanied the bones of the first Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris has such an honor been paid to any hero, military or civic.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

History and Description of General Grant's Last Resting Place.

Nearly a score of years ago, when General and Mrs. Grant were in Europe, they visited together the tomb of Isabella and Ferdinand. The sight of that royal couple who had been sleeping there side by side in peace for centuries appealed to the usually practical and unsentimental soldier. Turning to his wife, he said tenderly: "Julia, this is the way we should rest in death."

Years afterward, when death had claimed the great general and his body had been brought down from Mount McGregor to New York city, where it passed through miles of solidly packed mourners, there came requests from different parts of the country for the honor

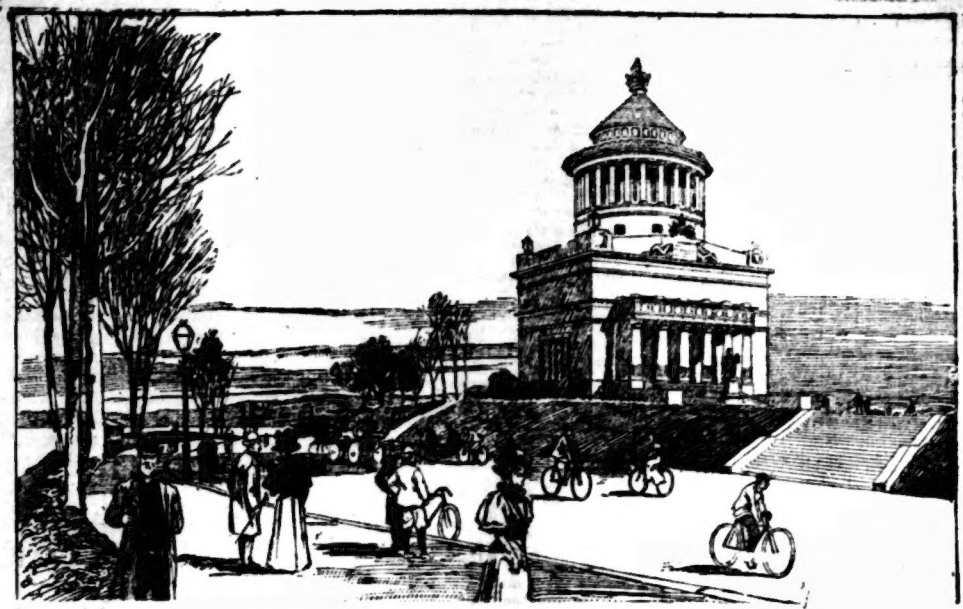
of providing a last resting place. Illinois wanted it because that state was popularly regarded as his home. Ohio protested that he was a native of that commonwealth. West Point put in a strong plea because there he had begun his military career. Chicago clamored for the honor because many of Grant's friends lived there.

New Yorkers insisted that General Grant had become a citizen of that municipality after retiring to private life and that it was his request that he be buried on Manhattan Island. Mrs. Grant settled the question by deciding in favor of New York, whose citizens had not only promised to erect a handsome tomb, but to provide a place for her beside her illustrious husband when she should go to her long rest.

As soon as it was decided a temporary tomb, hastily made of brick, was constructed, a monument committee was appointed, and then began the work of raising the fund. After the first rush, during which over \$100,000 rolled in, the subscriptions came more slowly, and in 1893, seven years after Grant's death, the fund amounted to only \$150,000, and the committee was about discouraged. The cities which had been disappointed in securing the honor made criticisms which rankled deep in the hearts of patriotic New Yorkers. Just here General Horace Porter was made chairman of the committee. Within 60 days, under his well directed and energetic work, the fund had been increased to \$600,000, and the monument was an assured fact.

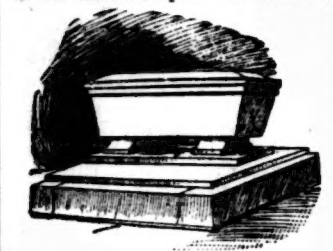
Even with plenty of money at command work on the tomb was necessarily slow. Unlooked for delays occurred. Months were spent in searching for the right kind of material. Granite was the stone wanted, but such another dingy structure as the New York postoffice was not desired. Finally in the quarries of North Jay, Me., a granite of such hardness that it may last as long as the pyramids and of so light a tone that the dressed blocks look like marble in the sunlight was found. But the workmen had never dug out such great blocks as were needed, and special apparatus had to be devised. It was done, however. The blocks were put into stanch Yankee schooners and taken by water to within hauling distance of the site of the monument.

On April 27, 1891, in the presence of less than 10,000 people, of whom more than one-third were Grand Army veterans, General Freeman, department commander of the G. A. R., turned the sod for the laying of the cornerstone.



GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.

The eye is first struck and the attention held by its simple dignity and substantial massiveness. There is durability written in every line, from the huge, square foundation blocks to the solid capstone which tops the conical dome. There is grace, too, and the eye follows up from pillar to cornice, from drum to lantern, zigzagging up the stepped cone, which tapers off until it ends naturally in the flattened apex. But while the



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

beauty of the lines is pleasing it is the apparent solidity which impresses. You are not surprised to learn that the great blocks on which rest the 30 foot portico pillars weigh 40 tons each. You almost realize their weight when you look at them.

The monument is 165 feet high. It is 100 feet square on the base, and this rests on an underground foundation of concrete 110 feet square. This foundation rests on the bedrock of Manhattan Island, which crops out on this part of the island more than 135 feet above tide water. The body of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian-Doric order of architecture.

The north, east and west sides are finished in plain severity, but the south side, in which is the only entrance, is embellished by a portico, formed by a double line of fluted columns. The entrance is approached by a long flight of stone steps 70 feet wide. The lower structure is finished with an ornate cornice, above which is a parapet. The cornice is 80 feet from the ground and is decorated by a frieze of carved lions' heads. The circular cupola is 70 feet in diameter. Above this is the lantern, somewhat smaller, and on this rests the conical dome.

Directly in front of the entrance is to be placed an equestrian statue of General Grant on a pedestal which will rise out of the center of the stairway. Above the portico four more equestrian statues of generals on Grant's staff will also be placed, but none of these will be in position at the time of the dedication, or, in fact, for some time thereafter. There will be another group of statuary in the center of the parapet and just above the simple inscription tablet, and towering over all, on the very apex of the cone, will come day be placed the chariot and prancing horses of the symbolic Victory.

The interior of the tomb is in the form of a cross, 76 feet at the greatest dimension, the four corners being piers of masonry, connected at the top by arches whose capstones are 50 feet above the floor level. On these arches rests an open circular gallery, 40 feet in diameter from rail to rail and culminating in a paneled dome 105 feet above the floor of the crypt below. The panels of the dome are to be decorated with high relief sculpture representing scenes connected with the life of General Grant.

Directly under the apex of the dome and a few feet below the main floor of the tomb is the sarcophagus, of polished red porphyry, which contains the ashes of the honored dead. The body of the sarcophagus is a hollowed monolith.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER, CHAIRMAN OF THE GRANT MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

weighing four tons. The cover weighs another ton. It was quarried in Montello, Wis., after a long search had been made for a suitable material. The granite is dark red in color and of a very fine grain. Every inch of it is polished to mirrorlike smoothness, and the sur-

face is entirely without ornament. On the face of the cover, in simple block letters, is carved "Ulysses S. Grant." The sarcophagus rests on a plain base of bluish gray Quincy granite which is 10 feet 10 inches square.

When the cedar casket is transferred to this substantial sarcophagus, its steel casing will be taken off. Another sarcophagus, exactly similar to the one recently placed in position, is being prepared at the same quarries, and in time it will rest beside the present one. When this narrow stone tenement is occupied, the visitor to the tomb may look down from the balcony above and see resting side by side in eternal sleep General Grant and his devoted wife, exactly as he had wished it to be.

The crypt is so arranged that visitors will be able to walk all around the two sarcophagi, but the best view will be obtained from the balcony above, a similar arrangement to that of the tomb of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides. The well of the dome is lighted by rich stained glass windows, so that the effect will be particularly artistic. The whole interior of the tomb is wainscoted with polished marble, so that there will be no opportunity for defacement, and the crank tourists who have contracted the habit of writing their names in public places will be discouraged when they find that their inscriptions can easily be wiped off with a damp cloth.

In the hollow piers and in the niches around the crypt there will be shown collections of battleflags and Grant relics. One of the corners will contain a spiral iron staircase by which visitors may climb to the top of the base or square part of the structure, whence an unrivaled view of the lower Hudson and the city can be obtained.

It will be some time before the grounds around the mausoleum are laid out as originally intended, but when this work is finished the pure white structure will



GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE, MARSHAL OF DEDICATION PARADE.

rise from a plot of velvety green lawn relieved by shrubs and beds of flowers. Even in its present condition it is a beautiful and impressive monument, and when it reaches full completeness it will be one of the most attractive spots on the continent.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

The Picturesque Park Where the Grant Mausoleum Is Situated.

Perhaps it would be folly to claim for the Grant mausoleum architectural perfection, but he would indeed be a blase critic who could find fault with its superb situation. Crowning one of the highest points on river girt Manhattan, it raises its splendid, graceful bulk from the brow of a promontory that is 134 feet above the waters of the Hudson. The capstone of the dome is nearly 300 feet above high water mark.

No matter from what direction you approach, the shining white Doric pile is above you. Place it on almost any other spot in the city, and it would be dwarfed by the surrounding buildings. Central park is walled in by skyscraping family hotels and apartment houses. Morningside park is a bit of sunken meadow, and Battery park is hemmed in by big office buildings except on the waterside. But Riverside park is a green strip on the edge of a high bluff which forms the eastern bank of the river.

At the very pinnacle of this park and marking its northern terminus is the plot on which the mausoleum stands. Although the land side of the park is dotted with fine residences, none is large enough or near enough to cast even a shadow on its base.

Riverside park itself is largely occupied by a great wide boulevard which is the pride of the city. It extends from Seventy-second street, where there are rows of millionaires' homes, up to One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

There is so much more boulevard than park to Riverside that New York-

ers commonly refer to it as Riverside drive. The boulevard is a double one, each drive being fully 70 feet wide, and on the riverside are bridle paths and a broad promenade protected by a parapet.

The side of the bluff which slopes down to the river has been laid out in terraces, with winding paths, by Olmstead, the celebrated landscape architect who changed Central park from a swamp to a tower of beauty. On the east side the drive is bordered by the homes of New York's merchant princes.

At the northern end the roadways merge into one big drive, which sweep



GRANT STATUE IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, around the tomb, dipping to a slightly lower level on the upper side. From this curve can be seen the noble Hudson—the Rhine of America—its busy waters deeply framed by the lordly Palisades, which rise majestically on the opposite side of the river. This is the setting which nature has provided for the Grant mausoleum, and it is a fitting one.

GRANT MONUMENTS.

Memorials to the Nation's Hero in Many Cities.

As the nation's hero many other municipalities have honored General Grant by the erection of monuments and statues. Probably the most pretentious of these is the one in Lincoln park, Chicago. It is a bronze, equestrian statue of heroic size and rests upon a large memorial bridge. It was erected by the citizens of Chicago at a cost of \$65,000. The movement to raise this statue was started the day after General Grant's demise, and the monument was unveiled in October, 1891. Mrs. Grant was present, and thousands of Grant's old soldiers were also there.

Another equestrian bronze of the famous general was unveiled in Brooklyn about a year ago. It is of heroic size and is mounted on a fine pedestal. It is a most artistic piece of work, having been designed by the celebrated sculptor William Ordway Partridge, who designed the statue of Shakespeare in Lincoln park, Chicago. It stands in Bedford square, facing the Brooklyn Union League club house, where the enterprise originated.

A most lifelike statue was erected in Galena, Ill., the former home of the great soldier, about six years ago. It represents Grant as the citizen. It is a full length bronze and shows him in civilian dress, standing in a characteristic attitude.

Leavenworth, Kan., also has a bronze monument of General Grant that is a worthy tribute. It is of heroic size and is mounted on a handsome pedestal. It stands near the National Soldiers' home in that city and was unveiled Sept. 14, 1893. One of the first monuments to be



GRANT STATUE IN BROOKLYN.

completed, however, was that which was unveiled in St. Louis fully a year previous. It is a bronze statue, and General Sherman was at the head of the movement which resulted in its erection.

Efforts have also been made to erect a great memorial bridge across the Potomac at Washington in honor of General Grant, and a bill appropriating \$500,000 for the purpose was submitted to congress nearly ten years ago. The appropriation was never made, however, and, although the project has been revived several times since, no decisive action has been taken.

SEWELL FORD.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription, \$2.00
Six Months, " " " 1.00
Single Copies, " " " .05
All Subscriptions payable in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for trans-
mission through the Mail as second-class mat-
ter.

The publishers will not be responsible for
any money forwarded through the mail, un-
less it is sent by Express Money Order, Post-
office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature
should be addressed to the Editor. All busi-
ness letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO
CITIZEN COMPANY.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. U. of Illi-
nois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago
and Cook County.

CHICAGO, APRIL 10, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
principal places of amusement during the com-
ing week:

BOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle sta-
tions. Mr. John Hale.

MEYER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Lilliputians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"The Geisha."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
T. Q. Seabrook.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—
"A Western Melodrama."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Dearborn and Clark—
Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sta-
tions. Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate
the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"

—Thomas Davis.

JULIA HOLMES SMITH ON IRISH
"DISLOYALTY."

Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith is re-
ported to have said, while criticizing be-
fore a gathering of literary women in
this city the other day, George Mer-
edith's Irish heroine, "Diana of the
Crossways," that "every Irish person
had in him (or her) a slight element of
disloyalty to principle, which was the
reason why Ireland was not a free coun-
try as she ought to be." This sweeping
judgment comes from a woman not
recognized as a race or religious bigot,
and whose public expressions are, there-
fore, all the more weight worthy. Mrs.
Dr. Smith must have spoken without
due reflection, otherwise she would,
surely, in the light of history, have
qualified her statement. That there
have been Irish traitors and traitresses
is, unfortunately, only too true; but
the same is true of the English, the
Scotch, the Americans themselves, and,
in fact, of all the races of mankind.
The glorious self-sacrifice of Leonidas
and his Spartans at Thermopylae was
rendered unavailing because of the
treason of a base Greek who sold to
the Persians information by which they
were able to flank the immortal pass
and become temporarily successful.
English history is one long record of
human faithlessness, especially among
people of "royal" and "noble" blood.
The story of Scotland reeks with treach-
ery, of which Wallace and Charles I.
were the principal victims. The United
States must forever blush for the shame-
less treason of Arnold, and for the vehe-
ment hostility of the Tory element in
the days of the Revolution. Yet, what
Irishwoman would think of saying, be-
fore a public gathering, that because
of these lamentable facts, every Eng-
lish, Scotch or American person, as the
case might be, had in him (or her) "a
slight element of disloyalty to princi-
ple?"

Pity that it should have to be written
but true it is—bitterly true—that Ire-
land is enslaved not because of disloyal-
ty to principle but the reverse. Had
she yielded wholly to the Normans, in
1169, as England did, in 1066, after
fighting a single battle, she would have
been spared long centuries of sorrow
and of suffering; but she preferred to
fight on, however hopelessly, for her in-
vaded birthright of independence. Had
she swallowed Elizabethan Protestant-
ism by the light of the torch, and at the
point of the spear, in the sixteenth
century, she could have had from
Henry VIII's fiery and despotic daugh-
ter any privilege she might demand,
for, unlike the Plantagenets, the Tudors
persecuted Ireland not because she re-
mained Catholic. Had she abandoned
James II., who was the weak but hon-
est champion of her rights, in 1688, and
accepted William of Orange as king,
like the English and the Lowland
Scotch, the atrocious penal laws of the
Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries
would never have been imposed upon
her. Facing tremendous odds, in 1798,
she manifested her ancient prowess of
the battlefield in many a splendid

triumph, and if, in the end, she failed
it was with the proud consolation of
having done her duty heroically to the
end.

Are the Irish people to blame for
England's peridious violation of the
Treaty of Limerick, which let their
army march out with all the honors of
war, and guaranteed them civil and re-
ligious liberty—a guarantee immedi-
ately dishonored—in 1691? Are they to
blame for the equally base violation of
the settlement of 1782, which declared,
with the full consent of England, king,
lords and commons, their liberty and
independence?

Can the history of the world furnish
a more touching, a more heroic, spec-
tacle than that of the maids and mat-
rons of Limerick standing in the
bloody breach of the Irish town, Aug.
27, 1690, and baffling the Grenadiers of
King William in the very crisis of the
battle? The world beheld the women of
Wexford, a century later, fighting be-
side fathers, husbands and brothers on
the slopes of Vinegar Hill, singing their
slogan of defiance with the fervor of
predestined martyrs.

There is nothing in the history of the
whole world more sublime than the de-
votion of humble Anne Devlin to Rob-
ert Emmet in 1803. Bayonet prods,
half hanging, cajolery and bribes failed
to move the heroic soul of that unlet-
tered Irishwoman on whom the pen-
cotal fire of Irish resistance to English
usurpation had descended in a tongue
of flame.

It is true that, for nearly a century,
Ireland has made no effort against her
devil-fish enemy worthy of her ancient
fame. That, however, is not the fault
of her people as a mass. They have
always been true to cause and to prin-
ciple. Their leaders, since the time
of Emmet, taught them to pray and to
petition, instead of to fight, like their
devoted grandfathers and grandmothers.
The result is dispersion, depletion and
humiliation. Mrs. Dr. Smith might justly
blame the policy of O'Connell for most
of the political shortcomings of the
Irish people of the two last generations.
Our fathers and grandfathers would
have followed him to the death, but he
refused to give the word and, because he
did, the strength of the Lord and the
sword of Gideon passed away from Ire-
land.

The proudest attestation of a people's
fidelity to principle of which history
makes mention was that placed by the
Comte de Provence (afterward King
Louis XVIII. of France) on the drapeau
d'adieu, or farewell flag, presented by
him to the officers of the Franco-Irish
brigade, who followed the fortunes of the
dynasty that befriended them, in 1792.
In substance, Prince Louis said to these
scarred veterans—heroes of a hundred
battles: "Gentlemen, I have pleasure
in acknowledging the great services
rendered to France by the Irish Brigade
in the course of the last hundred years,
and lament the present impossibility of
requiting them. Accept this emblem in
token of our gratitude and remem-
brance, and henceforth, generous Irish-
men, be this the motto of your stainless
flag—'1692-1792—Semper et ubique
fideli!' (Always and everywhere
faithful!)"

We ask Mrs. Dr. Smith, and thou-
sands of well meaning, but greatly mis-
informed, American women, such as she,
to devote a little time to the study of
the history of Ireland as it is written
by her friends, not her enemies. Let
them read that tragic story as told by
McGeoghegan, by Mitchell and by Sullivan—
authors whose veracity has not been
impugned—not as told by Burnet, the
libel, Macaulay, the rhetorician, or
Froude, the convicted falsifier.

The study of Irish history by Ameri-
cans, since a large proportion of the
natives of the United States are of Irish
origin, near or remote, and since such
harsh criticisms of the Irish people are
uttered in American assemblages, would
seem to be a matter of duty. Other-
wise justice to the Irish character can
not prevail in the American mind. We
hope Mrs. Dr. Smith and her friends
will heed this friendly suggestion, and
that the fair orator, in particular, will
reconsider her, no doubt, hasty con-
clusion.

HOW IRISH MELODIES WERE PRE-
SERVED.

The old Irish bards, as is well known,
became several times as insolent in an-
cient Ireland that they had to be dis-
ciplined, and limited in numbers, by
the native monarchs from time to time.
But their songs roused the people against
the Danes and, later, against the English
invaders. As a consequence, the latter,
during centuries of their occupation of
Ireland, sought to suppress them, but,
under most discouraging conditions, a
few of them survived to remind Irish-
men that their country was once a free
and independent nation. Nevertheless,
much of their work, owing to the string-
ent laws of the English enemy, was
forever lost to mankind. Reynolds' News-
paper, of March 20, gives the fol-
lowing interesting account of the pre-
servation of the Irish melodies with
which the world is familiar:

"It is to the exertions of Edward
Bunting, a Belfast man, aided by a few
other kindred spirits of the North, that
we are chiefly indebted for all that at
present remains of Irish melody. In
1792 they organized a meeting of old
Irish harpers in Belfast. Only ten in-
struments could be collected. One of them,
Denis Hempey, who was born at Crai-
more, county Derry, in 1695, had played
before the young Pretender, Prince

Charlie, at Edinburgh, in 1745. The
veteran bard died in 1807, aged 112
years. He had been blind almost from
his infancy, owing to the effects of
smallpox. Bunting received a number
of exquisite airs from Hempey, and
while noting them down he took care
to observe the old harper's style of play-
ing. The only other harper of note at
the meeting of 1792 was Arthur O'Neill,
who was also blind, having accidentally
lost his sight when two years old. He
was born in 1734 at Drumnaslad, coun-
ty Tyrone. He claimed to be of the
Hy-Niall race, and always expected and
received an extraordinary amount of
attention on account of the respecta-
bility of his tribe. He was resident
master of the Belfast Harp Society from
its foundation in 1807 till 1813. In the
labors of his later years Bunting was
occasionally assisted by George Petrie,
who was not only a distinguished
archaeologist, but a skillful Celtic mu-
sical composer."

THE IRISH TAXATION INQUIRY.

Great indignation exists among all
classes in Ireland over the insulting at-
titude assumed by the Salisbury gov-
ernment toward the agitation for the
readjustment of the financial relations.
England, by a tribunal of her own se-
lection, has been fairly convicted of
swindling her poorer neighbor, and
now when that neighbor, very justly,
"kicks" against the oppression, the Im-
perial robber refuses redress by over-
whelming majorities in the house of
commons. Even the Orange-Unionists
are disgusted, and some of them, Col.
Saunders included, have not hesitated
to condemn the dishonest action of the
government in unqualified terms. One
of the chief denouncers of the dishon-
orable action of England was the Prot-
estant Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev.
Lord Plunkett, who died, unfortunately
for the cause of justice, Wednesday of
last week. Decent Englishmen, like
Henry Labouchere, do not mince their
words in denouncing the Salisbury
Balfour juggle, and now we have Mr.
Bernard Holland, who was Secretary
of the Financial Relations Commission,
out with a reply to some English criti-
cisms of that body in the National Re-
view.

In refuting the allegation that Ireland
has no more right than any other "poor
area" to special consideration in her re-
lations with the Imperial exchequer,
Mr. Holland says it is a question upon
which popular passions are quite easily
aroused. And he adds, writes the Lon-
don correspondent of the Daily Inde-
pendent, "it is not a question which can
be decided by the plain man in the
streets, either of London or Dublin. It
is a question depending, in the first in-
stance, upon the right construction of
a great constitutional document. It is
the kind of question which would in the
United States be decided by the Su-
preme Court."

Writing before the reference to the
new Commission was made public, Mr.
Holland thought it would have been
well if the government had appointed a
Commission of the highest judicial au-
thorities to supply a definition of the
words of Article 7 of the Act of Union,
and then that a further Commission
should have been appointed to review
the economic side of the work of the
late Commission if necessary. He
points out that the Act of Union was
much more than an ordinary act of
parliament, and that it was a solemn
treaty between the two parliaments, to
every provision of which scrupulous at-
tention should be paid.

In replying to the Edinburgh Re-
view article, where it was contended
that the right to proportionate con-
tribution was done away with in 1816,
he shows by historical reference that
"the general promise made to the Irish
at the time of the Union was that under
no circumstances, even after the
abolition of the definite ratio system,
should they contribute materially in
excess of their relative resources." Mr.
Holland does not consider that the
finding of all the late Commission as to
the present relative taxable capacity of
Ireland has been seriously impugned.
And as to the English rejoinder, "You
cost so much," to the Irish complaint
of over-taxation the writer declares
this to be quite a modern answer never
used before to put off Irish complain-
ants, and that it is of little value he
makes patent by an apt illustration.
It is his purpose to show that the ex-
penditure defence to the Irish claim im-
plies the abandonment of the view
taken by the framers of the Treaty of
Union to the unity of all the ex-
chequer expenditure of the United
Kingdom and the unity of all con-
tributions to the Exchequer revenue."

"We shall," he says, "have aban-
doned the idea of the United Kingdom
as a fiscal entity if this be held. If
Ireland is to be treated no longer as an
integral part of the United Kingdom,
having under the Treaty of Union cer-
tain privileges with regard to taxation,
but as if it were a country having a
separate Budget and making a con-
tribution towards federal expenditure,
then the Irish may well say, 'We ought
in this case to have an effective control
over our separate Budget.'"

Mr. Holland concludes—"If it is held
that the expense of the Irish Adminis-
tration justifies, and more than justifies,
the amount of Irish taxation, then it is
a natural inference that Irish Adminis-
tration ought to be subject to Irish con-
trol." Can such control, he asks, be
effectively exercised by the Irish mem-

bers in the English Parliament or in any
other except by an Irish Government
responsible to an Irish Parliament?

ORIGIN OF LOUGH DERG.

An English contemporary, speaking
of the national characteristics of the
Irish people, says that their fervor, owing
to depressing circumstances, has
cooled considerably of late, but that
their reverence for holy wells and holy
islands still remains undiminished.
Lough Derg, in the County Donegal,
contains one of the latter to which,
after a lapse of 1400 years, the peas-
antry still throng annually by the
thousand. "According to a curious
legend connected with this lough, which
has been translated from an ancient
manuscript, a monster serpent called
the Coil came to Fionnolough every
morning and remained there during
the day, proceeding in the evening to
Glen-na-Cavil (Glen Keel), near Lough
Erne. It consumed, it is said, a large
number of cattle and other live stock,
and was therefore anything but popular
with the surrounding farmers. St.
Patrick, having heard of the depreda-
tions of this monster, visited Fionnolough.
The serpent being on the is-
land at the time, immediately took to
the water, which it lashed into fury
and, sweeping through the lake, di-
rected its course to the spot where St.
Patrick was standing with his retinue.
The clergy began to pray, and the saint,
taking his crozier, which was pointed,
cast it at the serpent, whose breast it
pierced. The monster then plunged
into the lake again, the waters of which
being so reddened with its blood that
St. Patrick, turning to the astonished
people assembled, said, 'This lake shall
be called Derg from now to the end of
time.' And sure enough Lough Derg
(red lake) is the name it has retained to
the present day."

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Michael Davitt, M. P., passed through
the city with his family this week en
route to California, where Mrs. Davitt
and the children will spend a year or
two. Mrs. Davitt's health has not been
robust for some time, and it is hoped a
return to her native climate, for she
was born in the Golden State, will re-
store her strength. Mr. Davitt looks
young and vigorous and is full of hope
for the future of Ireland. He will re-
main some three weeks in California,
after which he will return to England.
In November he will again visit Amer-
ica and remain with his family during
the winter.

BRITISH CHARITY BADLY HAND-
CAPPED.

The British-Americans, of Chicago,
with the aid of non-British friends, pro-
pose to celebrate Victoria's sixtieth year
of queenship by providing a number of
beds for the various city hospitals. This
object is praiseworthy in itself, but, as
connected with honoring the Queen of
England, it seems inconsistent, if not
ridiculous. Victoria has never been
noted for her charities. Indeed she is,
on the contrary, noted for her parsi-
monious tendencies. She has the largest
private fortune of any reigning mon-
arch, because she has been saving and
ungenerous. All her donations to pub-
lic causes have been small to nigard-
ness. When the great Irish famine of
1847 shocked and touched the whole
world, and when individual English
men and women gave liberally of their
means to mitigate the evil occasioned
by their villainous government in Ire-
land, Victoria, the head of that govern-
ment, gave so small a contribution that
even her ministers were ashamed of her
meanness. The Sultan of Turkey—not
the present sultan—sent a princely gift,
but the British ambassador at Constan-
tinople represented to him that it would
not be etiquette to give more than the
ruler of the unfortunate country gave,
and the Grand Turk was, in conse-
quence, constrained to cut down his
subscription to Victorian proportions.

King and Queen worship is a super-
stition peculiarly English. The people
of that country are supposed to be civ-
ilized and enlightened. They rave in
the press, in the pulpit and from the
rostrum against idolatry and paganism.
They even find fault with Roman and
Greek Catholics for venerating the pic-
tures and effigies of saints and martyrs;
and yet they, themselves, literally adore
a little, ugly, fat old woman, with a red
face and double chin, afflicted with most
of the ills to which flesh is heir, merely
because she is the supposed descendant
of William the Conqueror, and the
beneficiary of the Act of Settlement,
which placed the distantly collateral
House of Hanover on the throne found-
ed by the great and vigorous Bastard.
"But," the British will say, "we repre-
sent the state! We honor the office
not the woman." Nothing of the kind.
The British honor blue blood, even
when it flows in the veins of repulsive
senility, and, were Victoria the daugh-
ter of people of yesterday, John Bull
would show her but little of his vaunted
"loyalty." It is true he obeyed Oliver
Cromwell, who was a plebeian, but
Oliver thrashed him into submission
first, and kept him there. Besides, he
drove all the loyalists out of England
or "drew their stings" if he allowed
them to remain at home. But when the
giant regime finally yielded to death,
the English did not long sustain his son
and successor, Richard Cromwell. They
shed no torrents of blood for him as
they did for Edward IV., Henry VI.,
Richard III. and Charles I., although
he was a much better man than either
of the monarchs named. His crimes

consisted in being, unlike his brutal
father, amiable, and in lacking blue
blood. The British welcomed back,
with an almost unanimous shout of wel-
come, the shameless debauchee, Charles
II.; and, if they expelled his brother
James, it was only to invite his nephew,
William of Orange, to take the crown.
Yes, John Bull adores the blood royal,
even when it is a trifle muddy.

The attempt to glorify the reign of
Victoria will, no doubt, be brilliantly
made, and, to all appearances, it will
succeed. English wireworkers are try-
ing to make it appear that even
wretched, misgoverned, plundered Ire-
land will join in laying wreaths at the
feet of the sovereign who has been more
destructive of her people than ever was
Henry, Elizabeth or the Lord Protector,
of bloody memory. Let us see what
United Ireland, one of the national
newspapers published in Dublin, has to
say about this "record reign," in a re-
cent issue:

"Some months ago the Evening Her-
ald made the admirable suggestion that
the 'record reign' of Queen Victoria
should be commemorated in the Irish
capital by the erection of a black marble
slab in some prominent place in the
city to the memory of the millions of
our race who have gone down to death,
by the sentence of this queen's rule, in
coffin ships and fever sheds, on the
scaffold high, in exile afar: a plain
black marble slab, telling, furthermore,
the simple tale of how it was all
wrought by the robbery of this doomed
island. Unfortunately, our contem-
porary did not press its wise and patri-
otic proposal on the public. Had it
done so Dublin and Ireland would have
been spared the humiliation which has
been brought on them this week by
two great influential dailies of the met-
ropolis. On Monday a letter appeared
in the Independent and the Freeman's
Journal signed by Surgeon Ormsby,
in which it was announced that the
erection of a 'people's palace and rec-
reation hall' for the working classes of
Dublin had been decided on by certain
philanthropic gentlemen of the city
'for the purpose of commemorating the
diamond jubilee of her majesty's reign.'
We shall not insult our readers—we
shall not debase ourselves—by discuss-
ing the merits of this proposal, as the
Independent and the Freeman's Journal
have done. We know quite as well as
they do that a recreation hall for the
working classes of Dublin would do the
working classes of Dublin great good.
But we also know that the thirty pieces
of silver given to Judas had the same
value as any other thirty pieces of silver
current in the time of our Lord in the
city of Jerusalem.

"Soup and strabont failed to make
the people of Connaught believe in the
thirty-nine articles, and a free Free-and-
Easy will fail to induce them to lift a
finger for the glorification of a reign
which has witnessed the depopulation
and bleeding-to-death of the country in
which they were born and reared. Let
Dr. Ormsby build his 'people's palace,'
and we promise him he will learn some-
thing about the working men of Dublin
he evidently does not know now—
namely, that they are not in the habit
of taking the wages of sin. When Judas
repented of betraying his Lord he got
the thirty pieces of silver put into the
Corbena. This 'people's palace,' com-
memorating the diamond jubilee of her
majesty's reign, will not be put into
Coventry! Of which let Dr. Ormsby and his
philanthropic friends take note before they
throw away their good, hard-earned
money."

We think the foregoing advice applies
quite germanely to the philanthropic
British-Americans who are going to en-
dow the hospitals of Chicago. Their
act would be much more meritorious if
unallied to the celebration of the Victo-
rian jubilee.

In further evidence of Victoria's in-
curable miserliness, we append the fol-
lowing article from the Philadelphia
Times of recent date:

"Queen Victoria of England is Em-
press of India, where thousands of her
people are dying daily from starvation.
Contributions have been asked to the
Indian famine relief fund, and the Em-
press of India has contributed \$2,500, to
which the Prince and Princess of Wales
have added \$1,250, while William Wal-
dorf Astor has contributed \$10,000, and
J. S. Morgan, the great American
banker, has contributed \$5,000. The
fact that the Empress of India, with
her immense income and hundreds of
millions of accumulated wealth, con-
tributed but \$2,500 to her own starving
subjects, while an American citizen
contributed \$10,000 and an American
banker \$5,000, has naturally provoked
much unfavorable comment, not only
among Americans abroad, but among
intelligent Englishmen as well. The
Prince of Wales could not be complained
of, as his severely prudent mother has
required him to maintain his position
as heir apparent on a very small allow-
ance, considering his necessary outlay,
but the contribution of the Empress of
India will be regarded throughout the
civilized world as an exhibition of mean-
ness that could come only from a do-
tard."

It seems to us that the British-Ameri-
cans of Chicago would be better em-
ployed in worshipping a clean, decent
image, imported direct from India or
Japan, than such a thing of clay as the
sea-hearted Queen of England.

The Senate of the United States, act-
ing on the resolution of Senator Allen,

of Nebraska, reminded the President of
the United States, on Monday, that it
was his duty to protest against the pro-
posed butchery of Gen. Ruiz Rivera,
lately captured by the Spaniards in
Cuba. Senators Hoar and Hale, who,
for some inscrutable reason, opposed
the resolution, refrained from voting.

RAPID DECAY OF THE IRISH LAN-
GUAGE.

If the different Gaelic associations in
Ireland, America and elsewhere mean
to save the olden tongue, they have no
time to lose, for it seems to be dying
out fatally fast in the land of its nativ-
ity. In his "Historical Sketches of the
Native Irish," published in 1828, Chris-
topher Anderson gives the following
table of how the two languages were
distributed throughout the island at that
time:

Counties.	English.	Irish.
Louth.....	50,505	50,505
Meath.....	40,481	113,702
Dublin.....	31,462	21,430
Wicklow.....	24,914	15,823
Wexford.....	128,104	42,702
Kilkenny.....	68,576	113,370
Carlow.....	74,511	22,559
Kildare.....	84,013	13,152
Queen's.....	59,911	38,364
King's.....	93,536	37,552
West Meath.....	36,805	92,014
Longford.....	58,785	50,785
Antrim.....	206,436	56,327
Down.....	232,436	92,974
Armagh.....	149,044	56,406
Tyrone.....	120,961	141,004
Derry.....	166,173	27,696
Donegal.....	106,401	141,869
Fermanagh.....	112,283	18,714
Cavan.....	88,604	111,472
Monaghan.....	74,870	79,827
Louth.....	8,913	115,872
Sligo.....	10,444	135,785
Roscommon.....	14,909	193,780
Mayo.....	20,936	272,176
Galway.....	49,889	287,455
Clare.....	44,589	163,500
Limerick.....	105,851	171,626
Kerry.....	46,323	169,862
Cork.....	235,610	449,834
Waterford.....	56,072	100,449
Tipperary.....	74,334	272,562

3,061,610 3,740,217

The following statistics for 1891 given
in the Preface to the "Adventures of
Toirdhealbhach Mac Stairn and his
Three Sons," published in 1893 by the
Gaelic League, gives Irish-speaking
population in the counties as follows:

Galway.....	125,374
Cork.....	119,720
Mayo.....	110,965
Kerry.....	74,182
Donegal.....	62,087
Clare.....	46,678
Waterford.....	37,479
The other counties.....	103,922

Total.....680,157

This is a terrible showing for less
than seventy years. The Gaelic lan-
guage did not begin to decline in Ire-
land until after the famine and
exodus. Unlike French, German and
Spanish, it has not survived in exile,
and this is one of the chief causes of the
comparative decline of Irish national
spirit everywhere. At home, the use of
the olden tongue was discouraged by
many parents, because they believed, or
pretended to believe, that it "spoiled"
the English accent of their children! Some
of our people are horribly weak
and deficient in race pride, and they are
bound to suffer for it, for God never al-
lows to go unpunished those who abuse
His gifts. What German, Belgian, Irish
and Scotch intellect and scholarship
have declared to be of vast interest in
the history of mankind has been cast
aside as worthless by Irish fatuity and
ignorance. In wilfully, and shamefully,
abandoning their mother tongue, as a
majority, and accepting that of their
conquerors and oppressors, the Irish
people have committed one of the most
inexcusable blunders recorded in his-
tory. It may not yet be too late to re-
deem this painful error.

MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT
received, on Monday, the formal order
of the Secretary of War transferring
him to the department of the East, at
New York. General Merritt will not
leave for his new field of labor until the
latter part of the week, probably
not before Sunday. He will be accom-
panied by his aide, Lieutenant Strother,
Hale and Mott. He will succeed Gen-
eral Ruger, retired last Friday. Gen.
John R. Brooke, of the department of
Dakota, will succeed General Merritt.
General Merritt came to the department
of Missouri from the department of
Dakota in May, 1895, following General
Ruger on the latter's transfer to New
York.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN J. COPPINGER, son-
in-law of the late James G. Blaine, has
replied to the telegram from the war
department asking him if he desired a
transfer from the command of the de-
partment of the Platte to the depart-
ment of Dakota, with headquarters at
St. Paul. General Coppinger answered
that he had no desire

THE WITCHING SEA.

Ho, for the sea at night,
Shining in ghostly light!
Ho for the sea!
Billowed and foam bedight,
Moonlit, all black and white,
Wanton is she—
Heaving her bosom bright,
Wicked and full of might,
Calling for me.

I am no longer free,
Hark how she shouts in glee!
Sirens sang so.
Now in a sandy lee
Passionate lovers we,
Reckless I grow.
And for the hour I'll be
Here, with my son in foe,
While her winds blow.

Tiger love hers, I know—
Fair friend and subtle foe.
Hid out of sight,
Deep in her caverns low,
Lurks her reward of woe.
Come love, come spite,
Into her waves I go.
Dare her undertow!
Ho, for the fight!

—Lark.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Of course the general's will was at the bottom of the affair, but the Eve behind these fig leaves was his second wife.

They could not call her a stepmother, for the general's children were all older than she was. The general was well along in years when she married him, but that was her affair.

There hangs his portrait, painted by Copley. Look at it.

You do not believe he was 60 when it was painted?

But they say he was.

He was more handsome and fascinating at 60 than his sons were at 30. The second wife was rich—very rich. She brought the greatest quantity of gold and silver plate into the family, all marked with an Arabic cipher, to which she added the Chevalier crest—a terrapin—and the motto, "Not to the swift."

No one knew certainly who her people were. She said they were Spanish, and her own appearance supported her assertion.

There is her portrait, painted at the time of her marriage. Look at it. The general went to Paris, a long journey in those days, to buy those diamonds she wears, and the corbelle.

Sometimes, even when there was no one to dine at home but the family, Mistress Chevalier would sail into the drawing room, that peacock's tail of green embroidered velvet spread behind her, her beautiful black hair turned back—like that—in a tour, her arms as naked as Venus', her point lace falling from her milk white shoulders, and flashing from hair and ears and fingers and flaming in a fire circle about her delicate neck, the diamonds—magnificent stones, worth scores of negroes.

Lord! how the daughters would stare at their plates and how the sons would sneer at each other as the general would meet her midway the room, lead her to her seat at table and kiss the dimple on her shoulder before he left her.

They say she loved him passionately—that often, when she thought they were alone and he would pass her chair, she would turn her head upon her lazy cushions and hold out a beautiful hand. And he?

Would kneel beside her and kiss her pomgranate lips and lovely throat until you would have sworn him 25, and maybe not married at all.

They say, too, 'twas a pretty sight to see her with her little son. A maid going to help her dress one morning heard so much laughter and such baby shrieks that she first peeped in at the door.

And, lo! the mistress on her hands and knees, and baby, just from his bath, on her neck!

She was crawling over the velvet carpet in her linen shift, looking over her shoulder at the little shouting rascal, who tugged at her hair with one hand while he beat her with the branch of jasmine in the other. The black "da" sat and shook like a fuscous mold of berry jam, while the young mistress crawled about, crushing the yellow flowers under her soft hands and knees.

The door of the inner room sprang open, and in walked the general, his dressing gown with the Persian border wrapped around him.

There was shrieking then, I warrant you.

Those years the general's holiday time. He had earned it, for his first wife was a Guelph, and everybody in Carolina knows what that means.

She never got down on her knees except to pray in her life, and she never prayed for anything except money.

She put on mourning the second year of her marriage and never took it off again. They say she slept in her crape veil.

Her children were all born black in the face and crying, and they cried the greater part of their childhood. The boys got ashamed of it after awhile, but the girls never did, and ought to have lived in a land of droughts. Their tears would have fertilized a desert.

As it was, there was rain a-plenty and to spare, and the general kept out of their way, gave them umbrellas and handkerchiefs for birthday gifts, and rejoiced greatly when they cried over him at their weddings for the last time, as he thought. But some of them drowned their husbands in tears and came home again damper than ever, and no one but the second wife could have stood them.

She laughed, ordered more fires, brighter lights, opened the windows, and filled the house with flowers and gay company.

She called the eldest Niobe to her face and spoke of them collectively as the weeping willows, for they were tall and liked to be thought willowy.

They cried so much over their little half brother that the boy fairly detested them and ran away from the sight of them.

He grew up strong like his father and beautiful like his mother, a veritable enfant de l'amour, but when he was 10 and the general was 70 the fine, handsome old gentleman died suddenly.

The mistress was but 30, just the age of the youngest stepdaughter, and she sat in the drawing room when the will was read with such a look on her face that nobody but a Guelph would have dared to cry. The boy sat by her, the very print and copy of his father, with his little aquiline nose, his bright blue eyes, and his father's own trick of holding up his chin and stiffening his spine when he desired to see clearly.

Now, the general had been good to his children. He had given generously to his sons and had helped them in business. He always gave marriage portions to his daughters.

They all came to hear the reading of his will—the women shrouded in crape, with red eyes and noses. The mistress sat in the gown the general had loved her the most in, and everybody stared at it and at her beautiful grief-stricken face.

The will stated that she should hold the old Chevalier place for her son. If she survived him, it should be hers absolutely, to leave as she pleased.

There should be no division of property until the last son was of age. Then came bequests to relatives and servants, and that was all.

The stepchildren were furiously angry. One would have thought them on the verge of starvation. "Wait 11 years!" they cried. "Wait until that precious brat is of age? And his mother, with everything in her hands and responsible to no one? It is not to be endured."

And so on, worse and worse.

The mistress looked from one to another.

"I will not tell you to leave my house," she said in a voice both sweet and frozen, "or remind you of the home you have always had here. You now have homes of your own and must live in them, as I shall live in mine. As long as you are in my house you must conduct yourselves as my father's children should. Your quarrels and cruel speeches insult his memory."

They took flight like so many blackbirds, but the mistress was so good natured they flew back at intervals, and every now and then the boy was permitted to visit them. He went with pockets full of gold and returned a total bankrupt. He gave, and they took, with both hands.

About a year after the general's death the boy came home from a visit to his eldest brother, Robert, who lived in the city. He had been at home for a day, perhaps, when he was taken ill.

His illness puzzled the country physician, and a city colleague was sent for.

But the boy died.

His mother, looking at his dead body, spoke out her thought: "He has been poisoned. His brother has poisoned him."

And she called the eldest son Cain and Robert the Devil to his dying day.

The speech went abroad like a blot of ink in a tumbler of water. Robert never forgave her. There was no proof that the child had been foully dealt with, but the suspicion embittered his life and followed him to the grave, and so they hated each other fiercely.

The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress's money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor and many a man who could not marry looked longingly into her beautiful face.

But one could tell by the manner of her walking, the inflections of her voice and the immobility of her attitude when she sat that for her there was neither light nor sweetness, nor hope, nor desire, left in life.

And yet the went about as usual, even after her son's death, steadily refusing the shroud of crape and having always in the house light, flowers, perfume and pleasant company.

The stepchildren looked curiously at each other as year after year slid away and said to each other that she would never die.

Many of them died of dropsy and other watery disorders, and their children grew up, but at 90 Mistress Chevalier was still alive—and at 93, although, truth to tell, she had shagveled into a brown mummy and sat all day and oftentimes all night in a great wadded chair with a hood over it, stuffed about with cushions and propped with pillows and hot water bottles. Her body had mummified, but her mind was as clear as crystal as ice.

She would look at her deep black eyes at the faithful mulatto slave woman who waited upon her and laugh to herself—a strangely clear laugh to issue from such sunken lips.

Sometimes her step-grandchildren would go to see her. When they were children, they were afraid, but as the years passed they got quite used to the sight of the great coffin in one end of the room.

"It is a very comfortable bed," Mistress Chevalier would often say. And several times, when she thought the hour had surely come, she made the slave woman and her daughters put it on its trestles and lift her in, and she would lie, waiting for death, gazing with a corpse-like smile at the general's portrait.

At these times the family, in all its branches, rejoiced. There were only a few of the direct line left. Nearly all had married. Some were rich, and some were poor, and all were avaricious.

At last, one morning the faithful mulatto found the mistress dead in her coffin.

Once again the children of the house assembled in the drawing room to hear the reading of a will—the women, as usual, a hypocritical row of veiled pleureuses. All were present except the son of Robert.

He had inherited his father's hatred, and Mistress Chevalier's death revived the story of her son's. So the step-grandson staid away from her burial.

His portion of the estate should be the place itself. But the will ran, "To

my faithful and devoted attendant Cilla, or Lucilla, Chevalier I leave the place and certain sums of money at interest, herein more fully described and specified."

This Lucilla Chevalier was none other than the mulatto slave woman whose papers of freedom, together with those of her daughters and sons, had been declared before the will was opened.

Therefore was she a legal heir. A gasp of horror ran round the room.

The Chevalier place! But that was not all. If the surviving relatives of the testator should attempt to set aside the conditions of the will in any way, on any grounds, the entire property, real and personal, should go to the dead woman's physician. Between this man and the Chevaliers there had always been feud and ill favor.

Niobe's son received a life interest of many thousands dollars, and there were a few legacies here and there among the poorest Guelph-Chevalier tribe. The mistress's gold and silver plate, diamonds and other jewels were locked up in a bank in the city, to be disposed of, in accordance with sealed instructions locked up with them, a year after the reading of the will.

When Robert's son was told these things, he turned white and then green—a livid, unpleasant shade.

The Chevalier place, his patrimony, left to slaves! And God knew to whom the gold, the silver and the diamonds were left. The sealed instructions with them would undoubtedly reveal further determination on the part of the dead woman to insult and rob the family.

Mistress Chevalier's coffin had been placed in the family vault, between those of her husband and their little son. By her desire the coffins were on one shelf, touching each other, and covered with a velvet pall, on which she herself had laboriously embroidered the Chevalier coat of arms, with its significant crest and motto.

The vault was in the churchyard of old King William, Seaforth, facing the salt marsh and flanked by the ricefields.

Thither went, in his rage, the son of Robert the Devil.

By his direction the mistress's coffin was dragged out, wrapped in the pall and sunk in the edge of the marsh, with not a stone to do it reverence.

By night came Niobe's son—who, mindful of his life interest, felt ashamed of his cousin's poor revenge—dug up the coffin and replaced it, dripping, in the vault.

A slave of his let slip the thing to a fellow belonging to Robert.

Again the vault was opened, the casket was dragged out by slaves, and in the flare of pine knots was delivered to the marsh—this time in a spot where the salt tiles rose daily and flooded the place.

Then the avenger of disappointment and family dishonor met his cousin in the city street and triumphed over him. "No easy matter, either," he concluded, "for the old mummy case was damnable heavy. Find it again, if you can."

He passed fiercely.

Niobe's son let the marsh keep its secret and hid his time.

When the year had expired, the various heads of the tribe met, as if by appointment, in the private office of the president of the bank.

But each one, as he entered, looked haughtily and inquiringly at the others. At midday the large and ponderous strong box was brought into the office and the key inserted in its intricate lock.

The men and women crowded about the table, squeezing and jostling each other, the women shoving aside their crape veils to see better.

For 50 years and more no one had laid eyes on the once famous Chevalier diamonds.

The box lid was thrown back—all the necks were craned.

The men's fingers itched for the gold and silver, the women's for the precious stones.

The box was empty.

Empty—save for a folded square of paper, sealed and stamped with an Arabic cipher.

"Shall I open it?" inquired the president of the bank, looking from one bewildered face to another.

"If you please," answered Niobe's son.

"Is there no address?"

"None whatever."

Broken open, the letter ran:

MY DEAR ROBERT—Sixty years ago I wronged your father. Today I repair the wrong as far as I am able. I intended leaving my plate and jewels in this box for you, but I prefer to give them to you with my own hands. Come and take them from me. Your affectionate grandmother.

JUANA DE RIVAS-CHEVALIER.

A card with a mourning border dropped from the letter to the table.

Robert picked it up mechanically and read: "Missess Geoffrey Robert Chevalier. At home. The Chevalier vault, King William, Seaforth."

"God!" he ejaculated, staring at the bit of glazed pasteboard and then at Niobe's son.

Then he seized his hat, pushed his wife aside and rushed from the bank.

From the city to Seaforth station, St. Peter's parish, from the station to the churchyard, from the churchyard to the marsh.

The tide was up.

For hours he sat looking at the slowly receding water.

Niobe's son touched him on the shoulder.

MAKING FALSE EYES.

MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL OPTICS
A DELICATE OPERATION.

Hundreds Turned Out Weekly—Price Varies From \$5 to \$30 and Occasionally \$50—Ready Made Eyes Are Cheap, but Those Made to Order Come High.

There are many curious industries in this big city, and one that ranks prominent in the peculiar line is a glass eye factory. It may seem strange that there should be a sufficient demand for glass eyes to support such a factory, especially as it employs a number of skilled workmen all the year round. But when one learns some of the secrets of the trade all cause for wonder vanishes.

The prime reason for its existence is that a glass eye does not last more than a year, and very often not more than six months. Of course this necessitates the purchase of new optics every little while by afflicted people, and the number of people who use these eyes is surprisingly large, judged by the yearly production of the factory.

Five hundred eyes are turned out weekly, or about 26,000 in the year. Not all of these are sold, but this percentage is very small. The unsold ones are stock eyes—that is, they are used in the sale department of the factory or are sent to dealers throughout the country as samples.

The prices of glass eyes vary considerably. An ordinary ready made eye costs \$5, while a made to order eye, with the pupil and cornea carefully colored, costs anywhere from \$10 to \$30, and occasionally as much as \$50, but this latter price is a rare one. Poor people can only afford the ready made eye, and a large number of these are always kept in stock in different shades of blue, gray and brown.

Gray eyes are the most common, then comes blue, and then brown. Black eyes are a myth, and the factory has never had a call to make one. Ophthalmic hospitals are the largest consumers of the false eye. These buy in quantities, and naturally get the product at reduced rates. They buy the ordinary, ready made eyes, as they are used, for the most part, on poor people who are financially unable to be fastidious in the matter of exact color.

The most startling feature of the factory is the cabinet in which the stock eyes are kept. They are placed in large trays, sectioned off into tiny squares, each square containing an eye. Blue eyes of many shapes and shades are in one tray, brown eyes of all kinds in another and gray eyes of many varieties in a third.

When a purchaser comes in, he or she is fitted with an eye from one of these trays, and if the buyer is content with the ready made article a duplicate is furnished from the stock. If the made to order article is wanted, the sample is sent up to the workrooms with instructions covering the minor changes or improvements that can be made.

All of the regular customers have sample eyes in the factory. This enables them to send from a distance for a duplicate, and a new eye, perfectly fitting and of the correct color, is shipped to them.

The reason that the eye wears out is that the action of the tear—which is acid—affects the enamel, roughing the edges and surface and causing an irritation of the eyelids.

There has never been a time in the history of the world that artificial eyes did not exist. The ancient Egyptians, 4,000 and 5,000 years ago, wore false eyes of gold and silver, and later of copper and ivory. It is on record that two patriotic Latetians, when their country was in financial distress, generously presented their golden eyes to the public treasury. During the middle ages porcelain superseded metal in the making of artificial eyes, and a century ago the glass eye arrived. Now enamel is considered to be the best material for the work, and it is used to the exclusion of all others.

The process of making the eyes is easily described, but the work calls for much delicate and painstaking labor on the part of seven or eight skilled workmen. Formerly one man made an artificial eye from the crude to the finished state, but now the work is divided into a number of specialties, each man performing only a fraction of the whole task.

In its initial stage the eye is a long, slender stick of enamel, made of perfectly transparent and fusible flint glass. This is placed in a crucible and exposed to great heat. The globe maker places the enamel over a blowpipe supplied with wind, which is pumped by engine power into a large cylinder and stored under water pressure. Under the careful manipulation of the workman the enamel tube is formed into an oblong globe, just the size and shape of the human eye.

Next it passes into the coloring room. A piece of colored enamel is placed on the summit of the globe, and this is gently heated in a small flame and continuously rotated. Gradually this takes the form of the iris, and then a spot of darker enamel is added to represent the pupil. Then this is covered by a thick layer of crystal to form the cornea.

At this stage the eye is detached from the blowpipe and cooled, and then sent to the cutting room, from which it emerges shaped into a small hollow oval with irregular edges. The cutting is a difficult process, as a hair's breadth deviation in size will make a material difference in the fitting. The edges are fired and the eye allowed to cool slowly, this being the annealing or tempering process, which toughens the enamel and renders it less liable to break. The final work is the polishing, and then it is ready for the owner.

The coloring work is the most delicate of all, as sometimes eight and nine colors are worked in to give the correct shade.—New York Cor. Washington Post.

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BARBER POLES.

Modern Styles and Decorations—Some Poles Are of Iron.

They are using in the west to some extent now a barber pole of galvanized iron, which has bands and other ornamental projections and is painted in the same manner as a wooden pole. Another western pole has four upright strips of iron, around which are wound spirally other iron strips, making a latticed pole. The spiral encircling strips are so painted as to form the usual barber poles. There is talk now of aluminum barber poles, which would be much more expensive, but would be of extreme durability and could always be sold at so much a pound.

In the east the barber poles used are almost all made of wood, and in fact the barber poles everywhere are principally of wood. The wood commonly used is soft maple.

Barber poles are made in various sizes, but standard full size poles are made 9 and 10 feet in length and from 8 to 12 inches in circumference. They are sometimes made 14 inches in circumference, but that is unusual. There is now in force in this city an ordinance requiring that outside barber poles shall be kept within the stoop line, and that they shall not exceed 5 feet in height. Before the adoption of this ordinance the large pole most commonly used in this city was 10 feet in height and 10 inches in diameter. Since the ordinance came into force there has been here an increased use of door poles and window poles, these being very much slenderer, and in the case of the window poles very much shorter. The door poles stand beside the doorway or entrance. In the case of a basement shop, where the poles would be at the beginning of the steps, and so in sight along the sidewalk, they are placed upright. When placed beside a ground floor doorway, they are slanted outward slightly, so that the top projects beyond the building front. The window poles, which are short little poles with a gilded ball at each end, are fixed at an angle to iron brackets secured to the window casing. A barber is likely to use two door poles, one on either side of the door, and he may use window poles also, so that in this city the number of poles used is greater than ever before, though it may be that their aggregate bulk is no larger than that of the smaller number of larger poles that once stood by the curbstones, or were otherwise conspicuously placed.

There have been made barber poles with spiral stripes simulated by stripes painted diagonally on tapering strips of board. Years ago, too, there were made some barber poles of four strips of board, tapering and nailed together, making an obelisk shaped sign, which was striped in the usual way. But the pole, usually in some simple form, was the common thing, and this developed gradually into the more elaborate pole now commonly used, which is made with perhaps bands or other shapes turned or otherwise fastened upon it, and with greater richness and variety of ornamentation. Pretty much all poles are surmounted by a gilded ball. Other shapes—pear, for instance—have been made for a finish, but the ball is the most popular. With the more elaborate poles, with bands and carvings and panels, and with the spaces of the length more broken up, came more elaborate styles of coloring, and more or less departure from the usual spiral stripes, poles being painted with the conventional colors, but with diamond shapes, and so on. But now, while poles are made as elaborately as ever in shape, there is rather more simplicity of coloring, and the most elaborate of poles are pretty sure to show the spiral striping somewhere, the clear spaces on the pole between the ornamental designs being thus painted.

Less blue is used in stripes than formerly, the stripes being now usually of red and white, and the red generally used is a shade darker than formerly. More gold than ever is now used on the big ornamental poles. Besides, on the tops it is sometimes used in stars and other gilded ornamentation, and there are poles of various sizes made with spiral gold stripes on a black body instead of a white body. These cost more than poles striped in colors, but the use of them is increasing. More black and gold poles are used in the west, where people seem to spend more money on barber poles than in the east. But everywhere the spiral stripes are the barber's symbol, whether they are painted on a pole specially designed for a sign or on a telegraph pole, or, as may sometimes be seen in smaller places, around the trunk of a tree.—New York Sun.

The opponents of woman suffrage claim to represent the majority of women. The claim is baseless.

The majority of women are neither suffragists nor remonstrants; they are indifferent. Of those who take any lively interest in the question either way the large majority want to vote. This has been shown year after year by the relative numbers of petitioners and remonstrants. Not only in Massachusetts, but in Maine, New York, Illinois, Iowa—in short, wherever petitions for suffrage and remonstrances against it have been sent in the petitioners have always outnumbered the remonstrants at least five to one, and often fifty or a hundred to one. The so called referendum of 1895 merely demonstrated the same

thing by an official count.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Almsgiving and Religion.

For many years almsgiving has been regarded by the church as a mere accessory to religion, and too often as a means of promoting attendance at its services and classes. Now time has worked out its revenge, and the people have come to regard services and classes—and, indeed, religion itself so far as they know it—as accessory to almsgiving and as a means of obtaining relief. It would sometimes seem as if the only hope for both lay in an entire divorce between the two.—"Rich and Poor," by Mrs. Bosanquet.

Discussion Settled by a Woman.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a muddy day the thin man left the Rookery building and started south on the east side of LaSalle street. The sidewalk in front of a new building was nearly ankle deep with mud. Planks had been laid across the area of black paste. The thin man reached one of these planks just as a fat man who was coming from the direction of the board of trade stepped on the other end. Each of the men walked with his head down. They met squarely in the middle of the plank, and each waited for the other to step aside and let him pass.

"Excuse me, sir," said the fat man as he made a move to go ahead.

"Be careful, sir," said the thin man as he grabbed the fat man's arm to save himself from being pushed off into the mud, "or I'll fall off."

"Well, don't hold on to me," said the fat man, frowning. "or I'll fall off myself. Can't you step aside?"

"No, sir, I can't," answered the thin man. "How in the world can I? Anyway I think I was the first on the plank."

"Huh, I'm not so sure about that!" returned the fat man.

"Well, what are you going to do about it," said the thin man, folding his arms. "I can't get off to let you pass."

"Well, sir, don't you think, sir, that I'm going to get off to let you pass," retorted the fat man, with a shake of the fist. Just then a woman with an armful of bundles stepped on the plank. The fat man saw her and stepped off with his right foot into the mud and drew his body aside. The woman passed him. The thin man hunted for what he thought was a shallow spot and stepped off with his left foot. The woman went on. The men looked at each other and edged past, each with one foot in the mud and one on the plank and the evil glare in their eyes. They seemed to be thinking, "Oh, if it hadn't been for that woman!"—Chicago Tribune.

Organ and Dog In Sympathy.

There is an old adage that "music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," but this is not always the case. At the corner of Beacon and Mount Vernon streets in Boston may be found almost every evening just at dusk an old lady bundled up in shawls and wraps turning the crank of a little paper hand organ. The sounds issuing from the instrument cannot be termed sweet, and to a hypersensitive ear they are painful.

The other evening, as the observer of the Boston Post was passing the musician, a Gordon setter came running along. He had evidently lost his master, for there was an anxious expression on his handsome face. When in front of the organ grinder he stopped. The absence of his owner was trying enough, but that music was the last straw. Throwing back his head, he gave a howl that sounded like the wail of a lost soul. Not once, but time and again the animal poured forth his sorrow. Had the observer been a theosophist in belief, he would have declared that the dog contained the spirit of a musical critic. Yet the old lady was oblivious to it all, and the organ played on.

Rothschild's Broken Cornice.

One of the features of the magnificent London mansion of Lord Rothschild, which adjoins Aspley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, is the unfinished piece of superb cornice in the great marble hall. This is in accordance with the Hebrew precept which forbids any devout believer in the Talmud to regard his home on earth as anything but temporary and therefore incomplete. Lord Rothschild's particular hobby is the Jews' free school in the Whitechapel district of London, which has an average daily attendance of 4,000 children, probably the largest roster of any school in the world. This institution is maintained entirely by the poor, and it is probably the only school of the kind where each child is provided free of cost with a good breakfast of hot milk and bread and butter before beginning the day's studies. Each pupil receives a new suit of clothes once a year, and Lord Rothschild encourages thrift among the pupils by paying them an interest of 10 per cent per annum on whatever money they are able to save or earn and to put by.—Chicago Record.

The Paris cabman turns to the right and the London cabby to the left. The former sits always on the box in front of his vehicle. The latter is often perched behind it.

A notary's business, kept up since 1598 from father to son without interruption, is still to be found at St. Savy, near the Pyrenees.

A PRINTER'S TALE.

KIRKE LA SHELLE TELLS OF THE EVOLUTION OF A NEWSPAPER.

A Chicago Experience In Journalism Many Phases of Which Are Not Known In Other Sections—How Many Climbed the Ladder In the Country Printing Office.

Kirke LaSelle, manager of the "Wizard of the Nile" comic opera company, used to be a printer on the daily papers of Chicago in the earlier times, and tells both sides of life, and in the sunny times of the present has not entirely forgotten a certain charm that gilded the days when things did not "come so easy."

In the first place he was a printer on a country paper down at Wyoming, Ill. He distributed pi, washed the rollers, helped with the press work, built the fire and swept the office. And he received \$1.25 a week for his services. There was a journeyman printer who could make \$6 or \$7 when he was sober and who could quote whole pages of Byron and Scott and Tennyson when he was drunk. The foreman received \$12 a week, and the sum seemed perfectly stupendous to LaSelle.

Whatever could a man do with \$12 a week? In what possible manner could he find places for so much money? Where could he put it? How should he spend it? How greater than the fortunes of princes was the estate of this foreman who received \$12 a week!

LaSelle grew in efficiency till he could set as much type as the journeyman, and then the latter rose to such inept heights that he could no longer recite poetry and was discharged. The pay of the apprentice was then raised to \$3 a week. The foreman left and came to Chicago, and after a time wrote for his former "devil," and the lad left Wyoming and took a place as galley boy on the old Telegraph, which had been started as a greenback paper by Colonel S. F. Norton.

It was an afternoon paper, and LaSelle had all the work he could do and drew \$5 a week for doing it. After awhile Colonel Norton retired from the paper and a man named Collins, from Winchester, came up and invested \$40,000 in the struggling concern. It is said of Mr. Collins that his dream of life consisted in the ability to write passes to theaters, and the dream was never realized till he had bought The Telegraph.

The paper ran as an afternoon sheet for about a year, and then it changed suddenly to a morning issue. The change seems to have been a mistake, for The Telegraph lost money steadily, but this fact did not for a time interfere with Mr. Collins' privileges with the theaters. Then came a day when the business manager of the paper came up and announced to the men that he would have to hold back a certain portion of their pay for a week or so. At the end of that time the office was unable to provide any of the pay. The business manager came up and told the men if they would hold on for a day or two everything would be all right, as Mr. Collins was negotiating for a sale.

That went on for another week, and one night the men went up to the composing room and talked the matter all over. They had worked for nothing as long as they thought there was any reason why the thing should run along indefinitely. The time for starting composition approached, and the men had really concluded not to pick up a type. Suddenly the ruined owner came slowly, laboriously, up the stairs.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he. "I don't suppose you feel like working again tonight, and I cannot blame you. Of course you ought to have your money. If the paper could go on till tomorrow I believe the trade would be made, and in that event you will all get your money. If a paper is not issued in the morning, of course there will be nothing to sell, and I can do nothing toward paying you, for I have sunk every dollar I had in the world, and this is the end of my resources. I put \$40,000 in The Telegraph and it is all gone."

"I don't care so much for my life. It really doesn't matter. I am getting to be an old man, and these things cannot interest me much longer, but when a man has put the earnings of his lifetime in a business, as I have, he gets to feel a sort of interest in it and to wish it might live, even if it has to pass to others."

"Well, I suppose you are right. Of course I cannot ask you to do any more." And he turned wearily and started down stairs.

The foreman looked toward the clock. It marked just 7—the time for going to work. Every man felt in his right hand vest pocket for his composing walk, and without a word every printer walked straight to his case and began the regular work of the evening. As the defeated owner reached the bottom of the stairs he could hear the thrilling click of metal type in the steel sticks of the men, and he knew he had not been abandoned in his extremity.

The paper was sold next day, as Collins had hoped. A man named Perkins—a large, unctuous man—bought the sheet, and he lasted just two weeks. Later The Telegraph was acquired by a little group of men, who knew newspaper work and dared to make a tilt at fortune, though their fortunes were small. They changed the name to The Herald, and the business they founded grew as no newspaper in Chicago has ever grown before. Its later history is well known to every one in Chicago.

LaSelle gravitated from the case to the reporter's desk and later to dramatic writing. From there he stepped into the management of dramatic companies.

The retrospect is a little curious. He used to wonder what a man could possibly do with \$12 a week. Now his star gets \$500 a week, and the comedian wonders how a man could possibly live so less.—Chicago Post.

Rev. Mr. Leavitt Was Scandalized.

A debating society pursued an erratic existence nearly a score of years ago on the North Side, and the boys—now well known men—have told many laughable instances of its checkered career.

Driven from one home to another, the members, on promise of good behavior, induced the Lincoln Park Congregational church to allow them the privilege of meeting in one of the anterooms. The first meeting, by ill luck, fell on prayer meeting night.

The details of the evening are told by one of the members.

"The prayer meeting, in the adjoining room, had just reached its most devout stage when our boys fully woke up to their evening's programme. Daniel Sullivan, now assistant state attorney, was in the chair and called upon David Maxwell, at present of Maxwell Bros., box manufacturers, for a song.

"The solemn tones of prayer rose from the other room, when Dave took the rostrum and started to sing in a loud voice the classic lines of 'The Hungry Man From Bremer Street.'

Neither the song nor the prayer was ever finished. Rev. Henry Leavitt rushed into our meeting, white with anger. 'Get out of here!' he shouted. 'Don't you ever show your faces inside of this room again! You are worse than the thieves whom Christ cast out of the synagogue!'"—Chicago Record.

The Old Virginia Fiddler.

What has become of the old Virginia fiddler who was known and greeted by all the young people for miles around?

Of old there could be no Christmas in the country without him. He was as indispensable as the children's stockings, the egg nog bowl, the roasted shoo, the mince pie or the stuffed turkey. He was the important functionary at every dance and called out the figures in an unchangeable voice, which grew fiercer and fiercer as he warmed up to his work. His old friend disappeared? Is his fiddle cracked and his bow unstrung? Has he been unable to withstand the invasion of his territory by the piano and the piano agent? We fear so. We hear of him very seldom now, whereas in the times bygone at Christmas his name was on every tongue, and his bow was a scepter wielded over many willing subjects. Happily for him that he found suitable eulogists before his type was extinct. Dr. George W. Bagby, that great humorist and player upon the heart strings of men, in numerous sketches, and the founder of this paper, in his delightful, realistic reminiscences, have both described and immortalized the old Virginia fiddler. And well they did, for he is becoming as rare as the buffalo upon the western prairies. But well he served his day and generation before he laid down "de fiddle and de bow."—Richmond Dispatch.

Changed the Bodies.

Here is a really true story: Late in an English family had the misfortune to lose an aged aunt, who died in St. Petersburg. Arrangements were most carefully made and directions sent that the body should be forwarded to England to be interred in the family vault. In due time a magnificent coffin arrived, and before it was lowered to its last resting place it was opened for inspection. Much to the dismay of the family, instead of finding the features and frail form of their beloved aunt, the corpse of a Russian officer, clothed in military garments and decorated with ribbons and medals, was disclosed to view. A frantic telegram was dispatched to the Russian capital, to which the following answer was received: "Lady buried yesterday with military honors. Please keep the general."—London Correspondence.

Humorous Aspects of a Police Court.

"He treats me something ridiculous," was the complaint of one much abused wife against her husband. The man being brought up to answer the charge and perhaps explain it, answered: "This is a dead piece of jealousy, your honor. Don't mind her."

An old Irish woman came before me at the Harlem court and wanted her "boy" arrested for misbehaving himself in her house. It came out that her boy was 88 years old, and when I said to her that he was a pretty old boy she remarked, "Sure, he's not a girl, and I count a boy a man only when he's married."

A German with a very much battered head complained that the defendant had made a "dingo" in it and described the assault as follows, "He do me a crack on de kopf, like dis, and I do noddings by him."—Scribner's.

Peanuts In Europe.

Peanuts grow in large quantities on the northwest coast of Africa, but are known there as ground nuts. They are dug up by the natives and bartered with the European traders for merchandise, tobacco, etc., at many places on the Gambia river and afterward shipped in steamer loads to European ports, principally to Marseilles. The nuts are not roasted for retail sale, as in this country, but crushed and a fine oil extracted, which is valuable commercially.—New York Sun.

Butler's Flag.

Feb. 21, 1866, General Benjamin F. Butler presented to congress the first genuine American flag, made of American materials by American labor, ever constructed in this country.

Prior to that time all American government flags had been made of English bunting. Since then all our official flags have been the product exclusively of American material and labor. There were 26 stars in the flag at that time.—New York Press.

The estimates of the yield of the potato crop in Great Britain show that on 533,000 acres a crop of 3,033,005 tons was secured, against an almost exactly similar quantity produced on a much larger acreage—753,000 acres—in Ireland.

In Paris the houses are very high and the streets narrow. In London the houses are low and the streets broad.

How a Great Charity Started.

Dr. Barnardo, who is at the head of an association for rescuing the children of the criminal class in London, has told the story of the incident which first drew his attention to them.

In 1866 while studying medicine, he, with a friend, taught a night ragged school for men in an old stable. One bitter night when the school was over he found a boy lying asleep close to the embers of the fire. He woke him and told him he must go home.

"I have no home," was the reply.

"Nonsense! You must live somewhere."

"I don't live nowhere," the boy insisted.

The medical student found that the child for three years had been sleeping in the streets of London. The next night, with this lad for a guide, he found 11 boys asleep in Houndsditch on the roof of one building. The next night he found at Billingsgate over 70 little fellows stretched on a number of barrels, covered with tarpaulin.

The young man told these facts at a public meeting. The Earl of Shaftesbury, an eager philanthropist, went with him that night to Billingsgate and found the poor little gamins on the barrels. An old house was taken, cleaned and furnished with cheap, comfortable beds. Dr. Barnardo took charge of it. The work has grown until his houses have received tens of thousands of friendless children until permanent homes have been found for them.

Turgeneff, when a boy, saw one day a woman, a serf on one of his mother's estates, brutally beaten. He never forgot the incident. The result, years afterward, was a volume of sketches of the lives of serfs. It fell into the hands of the czar, and it is said was the cause of the ukase which he issued soon afterward, enfranchising all the serfs of Russia.

It was not the homeless boy nor the serf with the blood flowing from her stripes that wrought these good works in the world. Homeless boys had slept in London streets and serfs had been beaten in Russia for centuries. The help lay in the pitying hearts of two young men.—Youth's Companion.

Coal Dust Ignition.

A proof of the remarkable ease with which dry coal dust may be brought to ignition, even by exposure to the sun's rays, and also an explanation of many a fire at similar surface buildings in collieries and elsewhere, in which timber, etc., covered with coal dust may be in intimate connection with heated metal plates, has been afforded in a German colliery. The surface works of the gallery are made chiefly of iron, the galvanized corrugated sheets which form the walls of the building being supported by strong iron girders. It became necessary to repair a pipe passing through one of the sheets forming a wall facing the south. A mechanic, on going to remove the layer of coal dust from a girder close to the sheet, burned his hand. The official inquiry showed that the layer of coal dust, which contained a large proportion of pulverized rock, had become ignited along the whole length of the metal wall. The heat of the sun had struck right through and the coal dust, as was proved by the layer of white ash on the top, had been burning for a considerable time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Trees on Thoroughfares.

William A. Coffin, the landscape painter, in a lecture on art before a woman's society, made an earnest plea in the furtherance of art for the planting of more trees on our thoroughfares. These play a great part in breaking the lines of our monotonous or often incongruous architecture. He pointed out that Paris, with a climate as rigorous as ours, owes its beauty to a great extent to the enrichment that verdure lends it for six months of the year. He counted on the doctors bearing him out in this plea on account of the sanitary properties foliage possesses. He remarked that while we are waiting for a Baron Haussmann to rehabilitate our thoroughfares and make them yield artistic angles we can at least render the vista unimpaired by the eye more agreeable by having it presented through horse chestnuts and maples.—New York Times.

Orchard Cultivation.

An orchard well managed may be made to pay several times as much for the land occupied and the labor spent as the best field on the farm. But it will be a poor investment if it is neglected and suffered to go to ruin. Cultivation is indispensable to enable the soil to contribute its fertility to the trees. The surface must not be left untouched, to become covered with rank weeds or moss, to lie bare and barren. There is nothing better than a crop of clover, and this should be permitted to die down and decay on the surface. A plow should never be suffered in an orchard. Only the surface should be stirred, lest the fine feeding roots be injured and the trees checked in their growth. A good harrowing in the fall and two or three in the summer will be all the cultivation an orchard requires.—Coleman's Rural World.

Men.

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invisible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two legged creature a man without it.—Buxton.

Way Trees Are Balanced.

A tree grows in perfect balance on every side. When a large branch shoots out on one side, of one equal size or two smaller appear on the other. The roots are balanced in the same way, a large branch on one side being matched by a large root. The center of gravity is thus always perfectly maintained.—Boston Budget.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.
State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Army Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gay av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first-st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 West Erie-st.

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Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 357 South May-st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 2.
President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes-st.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallan, 2836 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

Division 3.
President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblin.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 183 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson-st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey-st. and North av., at 8 p. m.

Division 4.
President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrel, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted-st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

Division 5.
President, H. K. Jordan, 308 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark-st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 6.
President, P. G. Maguire, 4405 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, J. F. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Secretary, J. F. Ryan, 723 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. E. Fanning, 100 W. Fanning-st.
Meets First Sunday of each month in McLean's hall, 4841 S. Halsted-st., at 3 p. m.

Division 7.
President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina-st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth-st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

Division 8.
President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn-st.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School-st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Esplanade av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 582 Ninety-fifth-st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 10.
President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State-st.
Vice-President, James Smull.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 11.
President, James F. Murray, 560 W. Erie-st.
Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln-st.
Treasurer, M. J. Conroy.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 12.
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Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State-st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth-st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 13.
President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3081 Pinney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thursdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

Division 14.
President, P. J. Buck, 2215 Dearborn-st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 1435 LaSalle-st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth-sts.

Division 15.
President, James W. Breen, 3241 Morgan-st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman-st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunniff, 563 Twenty-seventh-st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Friday of each month in Michael's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

Division 16.
President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Ashland place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.

Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Ashland place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meany, 1455 W. Forty-seventh-st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh-st. and Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

Division 17.
President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Bark.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace-st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first-st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Lody's hall, Thirty-first-st. and Wentworth av.

Division 18.
President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie-st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake-st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle-st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake-st. at 8 p. m.

Division 19.
President, James, Thomas, 4827 Dryer-st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kilmy, 3758 Burr-st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle-st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 20.
President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first-st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 351 Twenty-eighth-st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth-st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

Division 21.
President, Ed O'Connor, 1236 N. Robey-st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1833 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland av., at 8 p. m.

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President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGauley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

Division 23.
President, W. J. Doherty, 1233 West Forty-seventh-st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghegan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4051 Wood-st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth-st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

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Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Riverside.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets Second and Fourth Mondays in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

Division 25.
President, William Mulligan, 728 W. Twenty-second-st.
Vice-President, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healey, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth-st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey-sts.

Division 26.
President, P. J. Reynolds, 5733 Dearborn-st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 3323 Dearborn-st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 21 Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first-st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 27.
President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth-st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodick, 3923 Hart-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western av.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western av., at 8 p. m.

Division 28.
President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings-st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1457 West Congress-st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle-st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. Vanuren-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 29.
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Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10508 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlia.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

Division 31.
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Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut-st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park av. and Western av.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake-st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

Division 32.
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Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

Division 33.
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Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Secretary, E. J. Rice, 303 Fulton-st.
Financial Secretary, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
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Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3636 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted-sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 35.
President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Doherty.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Ashland av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth-st.

Treasurer, Andrew Lodewig.
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Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
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Mr. Blackwood acted the part of a magnificent Meccenas rather than that of a bookseller, and we do not think that less can be said than that he gave young Lockhart his start in life. The transaction is veiled in mystery, never having been once referred to, so far as we are aware, by the giver, though proclaimed by the recipient, as a generous mind naturally would.

If any serve many, tell it not to any. If any serve thee, tell the tale to many. That admirable maxim could not be better exemplified. The young man went to Germany by means of this windfall. He went to Weimar and made the sublime acquaintance of Goethe, which afterward helped to secure the much more important and valuable friendship of Scott. Profoundly influential upon his character and life was this beginning. If his biographer thinks that the two volumes of Schlegel, published more than two years afterward, fully repaid and made up for it, we are far from being of his opinion. This is a fact, therefore, published for the first time by Mr. Andrew Lang, whose province is not to glorify but to diminish the benefactor, and whose testimony is therefore doubly to be relied upon so far as it redounds to Mr. Blackwood's credit, is one of very distinct importance in Lockhart's

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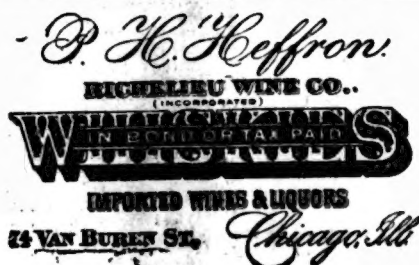
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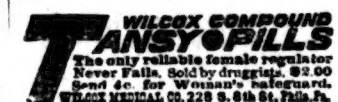
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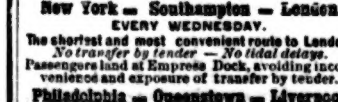
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